



The Heart of Youth

Poems Gay and Grave

L. E.

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THE HEART OF YOUTH.

THE HEART OF YOUTH

YOUNG PEOPLE'S POEMS
GAY AND GRAVE

EDITED BY
JEANNETTE L. GILDER
"

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

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INTRODUCTION.

The time has passed when the child mind was a region unexplored and the child brain regarded as a semi-inert mass to be awakened to activity only by the passage of a decade or more. Fifty years ago no one asked questions concerning a seven-year-old intellect or a six-year-old imagination. Crude images of animals or inanimate objects were given to young things as playthings, occasional books bound in blue or scarlet and gold ornamented with almost savagely primitive illustrations were presented to them on rare birthdays or Christmas mornings. The child who was found furtively and pathetically — for there was pathos in it — reading volumes intended for the perusal of its elders, was regarded as an abnormality and a persistent display of interest in such literature aroused doubts of health and safety.

But there were children who being still an-hungered after familiar intercourse with "Harry and Lucy," "Sandford and Merton," "Peter Parley," and the "Fairchild Family," found their way in search of mental nourishment to the bookshelves of the grown-ups and lived in a young world of their own with great poets and romancers both ancient and modern — often not wholly under-

standing but always spell-bound, stimulated and more or less uplifted. One of these at least to my knowledge records as the greatest event of her entire life the discovery—at seven years old—of the fact that a certain dull looking book-case, hitherto unsuspected of concealing treasure, contained shelf upon shelf of books which were “not too old to read.” They had looked “too old” and her parents and guardians would certainly have decided that she was too young to feel any interest in them, but on taking down—timorously—one after the other she found that they were volumes to be pored over with immense and almost fevered joy. She knew nothing of authors and she had read many of them before the fact that their writers had won world-wide fame, became a definite impression to her. Yet in a month or two she had quite unconsciously gained a working knowledge of a world of giants who from that time were as much an integral part of the house of life in which she was to dwell, as were the doors and windows and threshold-stones part of the home in which she played her child games and ate and slept. And she had read the work of these poets, dramatists and romancers not because she had been told to read them but because she had found in it the drama, the story, the pictures, the rhythm her child mind had longed for all unaware of the meaning of its desire.

With the discovery of the world moving power of electricity—almost as though the one discovery had some remote connection with the other—has come the realization of the truth that a human mind

is a *mind* from its first hours, that it is never inert, that the earlier it is filled with beauty of image and thought the better for its being. Books for childhood and early youth have become literature, pictures for their illustration have become art. It is part of the new evolution of the race that the dawning power which is the most august wonder of the world,—the hourly growing and outreaching mentally of the young human thing—should be given as part of its every day existence, the opportunity to live in familiar companionship with the great friends of the world—the poets who sang to awaken it to its first sense of its own beauty and power—to its earliest yearning for high loveliness of life and living. The youngest child will listen fascinated to the mere music of words and swing of rhythm, the next to the youngest will be absorbed by the story a poem suggests or relates, a remove beyond the tenderest age, the reader thrills and is uplifted by things he cannot well explain in words, but of whose force and impelling fire he has full emotional comprehension. How early in life it exists—this sensitiveness to the spirit of exaltation in beauty and sound word color—who can say? Visionary though it may seem to some my own belief would be that a child whose earliest consciousness of sound was a consciousness of musical rhythm in the words lulling him to sleep or peacefulness, might be led into fair places because life has begun for him with harmony and the mysteriously melodious things. And if one believes this how well it would seem that later, when life is awakening to him

and asking deeper questions every hour, he should find the inspiring things and the uplifting and arousing ones gathered together and given into his hands.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

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TO
CHARLOTTE
AND
HARWOOD GILDER

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POEMS OF CHILDHOOD.

Nurse's Song.

WHEN the voices of children are heard on
the green
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.
“Then come home, my children, the sun is gone
down,
And the dews of night arise;
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away,
Till the morning appears in the skies.”
“No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
And we cannot go to sleep;
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are all covered with sheep.”
“Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,
And then go home to bed.”
The little ones leaped, and shouted, and laughed,
And all the hills echoèd.

WILLIAM BLAKE.



Willie Winkie.

WEE Willie Winkie rins through the town,
Up stairs and doon stairs, in his nicht-gown,
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
“Are the weans in their bed? — for it's now ten
o'clock.”

Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' ben?
 The cat's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin' hen,
 The doug's speldered on the floor, and disna gie a
 cheep;
 But here's a waukrife laddie, that winna fa' asleep.

Ony thing but sleep, ye rogue! — glow'rin' like the
 moon,
 Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,
 Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about, crawin' like a cock,
 Skirlin' like a kenna-what — wauknin' sleepin' folk!

Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean's in a creel!
 Waumblin' aff a bodie's knee like a vera eel,
 Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravellin' a' her thrums:
 Hey, Willie Winkie! — See, there he comes!

Wearie is the mither that has a storie wean,
 A wee stumpie stoussie, that canna rin his lane,
 That has a battle aye wi' sleep, before he'll close
 an ee;
 But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength anew
 to me.

WILLIAM MILLER.



Cuddle Doon.

THE bairnies cuddle doon at night,
 Wi' muckle faucht an' din;
 O, try an' sleep, ye waukrife rogues,
 Your father's comin' in.

They never heed a word I speak;
I try to gie a froon,
But aye I hap them up, an' cry,
"O bairnies, cuddle doon."

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid —
He aye sleeps next the wa' —
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece;"
The rascal starts them a'.
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks,
They stop awee the soun';
Then draw the blankets up an' cry,
"Noo, weanies, cuddle doon."

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
Cries oot frae 'neath the claes,
"Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance —
He's kittlin wi' his taes."
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks,
He'd bother half the toon:
But aye I hap them up an' cry,
"O bairnies, cuddle doon."

At length they hear their father's fit,
An', as he steeks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks,
As he pits off his shoon;
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oorsel',
 We look at oor wee lambs;
 Tam has his airms roun' wee Rab's neck,
 An' Rab his airms roun' Tam's.
 I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
 An' as I straik each croon,
 I whisper, till my heart fills up,
 "O bairnies, cuddle doon."

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,
 Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
 But sune the big warl's cark an' care
 Will quaten doon their glee.
 Yet come what will to ilka ane,
 May He who sits aboon
 Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
 "O bairnies, cuddle doon."

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.



The Child and the Watcher.

SLEEP on, baby on the floor,
 Tired of all thy playing —
 Sleep with smile the sweeter for
 That you dropped away in;
 On your curls' fair roundness stand
 Golden lights serenely;
 One cheek, pushed out by the hand,
 Folds the dimple inly —
 Little head and little foot
 Heavy laid for pleasure;

Underneath the lids half-shut
Plants the shining azure;
Open-souled in noonday sun,
So, you lie and slumber;
Nothing evil having done,
Nothing can encumber.

I, who cannot sleep as well,
Shall I sigh to view you?
Or sigh further to foretell
All that may undo you?
Nay, keep smiling, little child,
Ere the fate appeareth!
I smile, too; for patience mild
Pleasure's token weareth.
Nay, keep sleeping before loss;
I shall sleep, though losing!
As by cradle, so by cross,
Sweet is the reposing.

And God knows, who sees us twain,
Child at childish leisure,
I am all as tired of pain
As you are of pleasure.
Very soon, too, by His grace,
Gently wrapt around me,
I shall show as calm a face,
I shall sleep as soundly —
Differing in this, that you
Clasp your playthings sleeping,
While my hand must drop the few
Given to my keeping —

Differing in this, that I,
Sleeping, must be colder,
And, in waking presently,
Brighter to beholder —
Differing in this beside
(Sleeper, have you heard me?
Do you move, and open wide
Your great eyes toward me?)
That while I you draw withal
From this slumber solely.
Me, from mine, an angel shall,
Trumpet-tongued and holy.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



The Dear Old Doll.

I HAD once a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
Folks say that she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,

And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet, for old sake's sake, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



The Dizzy Girl.

AS Frances was playing and turning around,
Her head grew so giddy she fell to the ground,
'Twas well that she was not much hurt;
But, O what a pity! her frock was so soil'd
That had you beheld the unfortunate child,
You had seen her all cover'd with dirt.

Her mother was sorry, and said, "Do not cry,
And Mary shall wash you, and make you quite dry,
If you'll promise to turn round no more."
"What, not in the parlour?" the little girl said.
"No, not in the parlour; for lately I read
Of a girl who was hurt with the door.

"She was playing and turning, until her poor head
Fell against the hard door, and it very much bled:
And I heard Dr. Camomile tell,
That he put on a plaster, and cover'd it up;
Then he gave her some tea that was bitter to sup,
Or perhaps it had never been well."

ELIZABETH TURNER.

A Visit from St. Nicholas.

'TWAS the night before Christmas, when all
through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the luster of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by
name;

"Now, *Dasher!* now, *Dancer!* now, *Prancer* and
Vixen!

On, *Comet!* on, *Cupid!* on, *Donder* and *Blitzen!*
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,

With the sleigh full of toys — and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry;
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump — a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
“Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!”

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

Ephibol on My Dear Love Isabella.

HERE lies sweet Isabell in bed,
With a night-cap on her head;
Her skin is soft, her face is fair,
And she has very pretty hair;
She and I in bed lie nice.
And undisturbed by rats and mice;
She is disgusted with Mr. Worgan,
Though he plays upon the organ.
Her nails are neat, her teeth are white,
Her eyes are very, very bright;
In a conspicuous town she lives,
And to the poor her money gives;
Here ends sweet Isabella's story,
And may it be much to her glory.

.

I love in Isa's bed to lie,
Oh, such joy and luxury!
The bottom of the bed I sleep,
And with great care within I creep;
Oft I embrace her feet of lillys,
But she has gotten all the pillys.
Her neck I never can embrace,
But I do hug her feet in place.

MARJORIE FLEMING,
("Pet Marjorie.")

Going into Breeches.

JOY to Philip!— he this day
Has his long coats cast away,
And (the childish season gone)
Puts the manly breeches on.
Officer on gay parade,
Red-coat in his first cockade,
Bridegroom in his wedding trim,
Birthday beau surpassing him,
Never did with conscious gait
Strut about in half the state,
Or the pride (yet free from sin)
Of my little mannikin:
Never was there pride, or bliss,
Half so rational as his.
Sashes, frocks, to those that need 'em—
Philip's limbs have got their freedom:
He can run, or he can ride,
And do twenty things beside,
Which his petticoats forbade:
Is he not a happy lad?
Now he's under other banners,
He must leave his former manners;
Bid adieu to female games,
And forget their very names —
Puss-in-corners, hide-and-seek,
Sports for girls and punies weak!
Baste-the-bear he may now play at,
Leap-frog, football, sport away at;
Show his strength and skill at cricket —
Mark his distance, pitch his wicket;

Run about in winter's snow
Till his cheeks and fingers glow;
Climb a tree, or scale a wall,
Without any fear to fall;
If he get a hurt or bruise,
To complain he must refuse,
Though the anguish and the smart
Go unto his little heart;
He must have his courage ready,
Keep his voice and visage steady,
Brace his eyeballs stiff as drum,
That a tear may never come;
And his grief must only speak
From the colour in his cheek.
This, and more, he must endure —
Hero he in miniature!
This, and more, must now be done,
Now the breeches are put on.

MARY LAMB.



The Children's Hour.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall,
By three doors left unguarded,
They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen,
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



The Owl and the Pussy-Cat.

THE Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat;
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the moon above,
And sang to a small guitar,
“O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love!
What a beautiful Pussy you are,—
You are,
What a beautiful Pussy you are!”

Pussy said to the Owl, “You elegant fowl!
How wonderful sweet you sing!
Oh, let us be married,—too long we have tarried,—
But what shall we do for a ring?”
They sailed away for a year and a day
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,

And there in a wood a piggy-wig stood
With a ring in the end of his nose,—
His nose,
With a ring in the end of his nose.

“Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?” Said the piggy, “I will.”
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon,—
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

EDWARD LEAR.



The World's Music.

THE world's a very happy place,
Where every child should dance and sing,
And always have a smiling face,
And never sulk for anything.

I waken when the morning's come,
And feel the air and light alive
With strange sweet music like the hum
Of bees about their busy hive.

The linnets play among the leaves
At hide-and-seek, and chirp and sing;
While, flashing to and from the eaves,
The swallows twitter on the wing.

The twigs that shake, and boughs that sway;
And tall old trees you could not climb;
And winds that come, but cannot stay,
Are gaily singing all the time.

From dawn to dark the old mill-wheel
Makes music, going round and round;
And dusty-white with flour and meal,
The miller whistles to its sound.

And if you listen to the rain
When leaves and birds and bees are dumb,
You hear it pattering on the pane
Like Andrew beating on his drum.

The coals beneath the kettle croon,
And clap their hands and dance in glee;
And even the kettle hums a tune
To tell you when it's time for tea.

The world is such a happy place
That children, whether big or small,
Would always have a smiling face,
And never, never sulk at all.

GABRIEL SETOUN.



The Coming of Santa Claus.

HE comes in the night! He comes in the night!
He softly, silently comes;
While the little brown heads on the pillows so white
Are dreaming of bugles and drums.

He cuts through the snow like a ship through the foam,

While the white flakes around him whirl;
Who tells him I know not, but he findeth the home
Of each good little boy and girl.

His sleigh it is long, and deep, and wide;

It will carry a host of things,
While dozens of drums hang over the side,
With the sticks sticking under the strings.
And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,
Not a bugle blast is blown,
As he mounts to the chimney-top like a bird,
And drops to the hearth like a stone.

The little red stockings he silently fills,

Till the stockings will hold no more;
The bright little sleds for the great snow hills
Are quickly set down on the floor.
Then Santa Claus mounts to the roof like a bird,
And glides to his seat in the sleigh;
Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard
As he noiselessly gallops away.

He rides to the East, and he rides to the West,

Of his goodies he touches not one;
He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas feast
When the dear little folks are done.
Old Santa Claus doeth all that he can;
This beautiful mission is his;
Then, children, be good to the little old man,
When you find who the little man is.

UNKNOWN.

My Shadow.

I HAVE a little shadow that goes in and out with
me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can
see.

He is very, very like me from the heels up to the
head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into
my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to
grow —
Not at all like proper children, which is always very
slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-
rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of
him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can
see.
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow
sticks to me.

One morning, very early, before the sun was up
I rose and found the shining dew on every butter-
cup;

But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep
in bed.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



Let Dogs Delight to Bark and Bite.

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

ISAAC WATTS.



Where Did You Come From?

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-corner'd smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all come just to be you?
God thought of me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought of you, and so I am here.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

The Duel.

THE gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)
Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!
The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
*(I wasn't there; I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)*

The gingham dog went "bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
*(Now mind: I'm only telling you
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)*

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfulest way you ever saw —
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
*(Don't fancy I exaggerate!
I got my views from the Chinese plate!)*

Next morning where the two had sat
They found no trace of the dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole the pair away!
But the truth about the cat and the pup
Is this: They ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
(*The old Dutch clock it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.*)

EUGENE FIELD.



Kindness to Animals.

LITTLE children, never give
Pain to things that feel and live:
Let the gentle robin come
For the crumbs you save at home,—
As his meat you throw along
He'll repay you with a song;
Never hurt the timid hare
Peeping from her green grass lair,
Let her come and sport and play
On the lawn at close of day;
The little lark goes soaring high
To the bright windows of the sky,
Singing as if 'twere always spring,
And fluttering on an untired wing,—
Oh! let him sing his happy song,
Nor do these gentle creatures wrong.

UNKNOWN.

A Warning.

THREE children sliding on the ice
Upon a summer's day,
It so fell out they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

Now had these children been at home,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny
They had not all been drown'd.

You parents all that children have,
And you that have got none,
If you would have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

JOHN GAY.



The Hoyden.

MISS Agnes had two or three dolls, and a box
To hold all her bonnets and tippets and
frocks;
In a red leather thread-case that snapp'd when it
shut,
She had needles to sew with and scissors to cut;
But Agnes lik'd better to play with rude boys,
Than work with her needle, or play with her toys.

Young ladies should always appear neat and clean,
Yet Agnes was seldom dress'd fit to be seen.
I saw her one morning attempting to throw
A very large stone, when it fell on her toe:
The boys who were present, and saw what was done,
Set up a loud laugh, and they call'd it fine fun.

But I took her home, and the doctor soon came,
And Agnes, I fear, will a long time be lame;
And from morning till night she laments very much,
That now when she walks she must lean on a crutch;
And she told her dear father, a thousand times o'er,
That she never will play with rude boys any more.

ELIZABETH TURNER.



Meddlesome Matty.

ONE ugly trick has often spoiled
The sweetest and the best;
Matilda, though a pleasant child,
One ugly trick possessed,
Which, like a cloud before the skies,
Hid all her better qualities.

Sometimes she'd lift the tea-pot lid,
To peep at what was in it;
Or tilt the kettle, if you did
But turn your back a minute.
In vain you told her not to touch,
Her trick of meddling grew so much.

Her grandmamma went out one day,
And by mistake she laid
Her spectacles and snuff-box gay
Too near the little maid;
“ Ah! well,” thought she, “ I’ll try them on,
As soon as grandmamma is gone.”

Forthwith she placed upon her nose
The glasses large and wide;
And looking round, as I suppose,
The snuff-box too she spied:
“ Oh! what a pretty box is that;
I’ll open it,” said little Matt.

“ I know that grandmamma would say,
‘ Don’t meddle with it, dear ’;
But then, she’s far enough away,
And no one else is near:
Besides, what can there be amiss
In opening such a box as this? ”

So thumb and finger went to work
To move the stubborn lid,
And presently a mighty jerk
The mighty mischief did;
For all at once, ah! woeful case,
The snuff came puffing in her face.

Poor eyes, and nose, and mouth beside
A dismal sight presented;
In vain, as bitterly she cried,

Her folly she repented.
In vain she ran about for ease;
She could do nothing now but sneeze.

She dashed the spectacles away,
To wipe her tingling eyes,
And as in twenty bits they lay,
Her grandmamma she spies.
“Heyday! and what’s the matter now?”
Says grandmamma, with lifted brow.

Matilda, smarting with the pain,
And tingling still, and sore,
Made many a promise to refrain
From meddling evermore.
And ’tis a fact, as I have heard,
She ever since has kept her word.

ANN AND JANE TAYLOR.



Bed in Summer.

IN winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people’s feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



The Land of Counterpane.

WHEN I was sick and lay a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Who Stole the Bird's Nest?

‘**T**U-WHIT! tu-whit! tu-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?’

‘Not I,’ said the cow, ‘Moo-oo!
Such a thing I’d never do,
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn’t take your nest away.
Not I,’ said the cow, ‘Moo-oo!
Such a thing I’d never do.’

‘To-whit! tu-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?’

‘Not I,’ said the dog, ‘Bow-wow!
I’m not so mean anyhow!
I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I,’ said the dog, ‘Bow-wow!
I’m not so mean anyhow.’

‘To-whit! tu-whit! tu-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?’

‘Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a few words too!
Who stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow breast?’

‘Not I,’ said the sheep, ‘oh no!
I wouldn’t treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa! Baa!’ said the sheep, ‘Oh no!
I wouldn’t treat a poor bird so.’

‘Tu-whit! tu-whit! tu-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?’

‘Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a few words too!
Who stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow breast?’

‘Caw! Caw!’ cried the crow;
‘I too should like to know
What thief took away
A bird’s nest to-day?’

‘Cluck! Cluck!’ said the hen;
‘Don’t ask me again,
Why, I haven’t a chick
Would do such a trick.

We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck! Cluck!' said the hen,
'Don't ask me again.'

'Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!
All the birds make a stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry "For shame!"'

'I would not rob a bird,'
Said little Mary Green;
'I think I never heard
Of anything so mean.'

'It is very cruel too,'
Said little Alice Neal;
'I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel?'

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed,
For *he* stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow breast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

The Cottager to Her Infant.

THE days are cold, the nights are long,
The north-wind sings a doleful song;
Then hush again upon my breast;
All merry things are now at rest
Save thee, my pretty Love!

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,
The crickets long have ceased their mirth;
There's nothing stirring in the house
Save one wee, hungry nibbling mouse,
Then why so busy thou?

Nay! start not at that sparkling light,
'Tis but the moon that shines so bright
On the window-pane bedropped with rain;
There, little darling! sleep again,
And wake when it is day.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.



Little Boy Blue.

THE little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

“Now, don’t you go till I come,” he said,
“And don’t you make any noise!”
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys;
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue —
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;
And they wonder, as waiting the long years
through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

EUGENE FIELD.



A Life-Lesson.

THERE! little girl, don’t cry:
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea-set blue,
And your play-house, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass
by.—
There! little girl, don’t cry!

There! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your school-girl days
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come
by.—
There! little girl, don't cry!

There! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But Heaven holds all for which you
sigh.—
There! little girl, don't cry!
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.



A Cradle Song.

HUSH! my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide,
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle:
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When his birth-place was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

See the kindly shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
Where they sought him, there they found him,
With his Virgin-Mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing!
Lovely infant, how he smiled!
When he wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the holy child.

Lo, he slumbers in his manger,
Where the hornèd oxen fed;
Peace, my darling! here's no danger,
Here's no ox a-near thy bed!

May'st thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days:
Then go dwell for ever near him;
See his face, and sing his praise.

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire:
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

ISAAC WATTS.

SENTIMENT AND IMAGINATION.

The Fire of Drift-Wood.

WE sat within the farm-house old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,
The light-house, the dismantled fort,
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again;

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire.

And, as their splendor flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main,
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed,
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,
The ocean roaring up the beach,
The gusty blast, the bickering flames,
All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain,—
The long-lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again.

Oh flames that glowed! Oh hearts that yearned!
They were indeed too much akin;
The drift-wood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

I Remember, I Remember.

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups —
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pool could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.

It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.



The Passionate Shepherd to His Love.

COME live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my Love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.



The Harp That Once through Tara's Halls.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.

Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks
To show that still she lives.

THOMAS MOORE.



The Chambered Nautilus.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purple wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their stream-
ing hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,

Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old
no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice
that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



Ode to a Nightingale.

MY heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had
drunk;
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-ward had sunk.

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of Summer in full-throated ease.

Oh for a draught of vintage that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burned mirth!
Oh for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth —
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known —
The weariness, the fever, and the fret;
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few sad, last gray hairs;
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and
dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee!
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards;

Already with thee tender is the night,
And haply the queen-moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs;
But, in embalmed darkness guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild:
White hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets, covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's oldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of bees on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now, more than ever, seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight, with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad,
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain —
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for
home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music: — do I wake or sleep?
JOHN KEATS.



To the Skylark.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the setting sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale, purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight,
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-
flowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow-clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not;

Like a high-born maiden,
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower;

Like a glow-worm golden,
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from
the view;

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged
thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and fresh, and clear, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal
Or triumphal chaunt
Match'd with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt —
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow
The world should listen then, as I am listening now!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

The Manly Heart.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or my cheeks make pale with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day
Or the flowery meads in May —
If she be not so to me
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind;
Or a well disposéd nature
Joinéd with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her merits' value known
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of Best;
If she seem not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind
Where they want of riches find,

Think what with them they would do
Who without them dare to woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

GEORGE WITHER.



To Mary.

THE twentieth year is well-nigh past
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow —
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more;
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language utter'd in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet, gently press'd, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st
That now at every step thou mov'st
Upheld by two; yet still thou lov'st,
My Mary!

And still to love, though press'd with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last —
My Mary!

WILLIAM COWPER.



To Celia.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee, late, a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee!

BEN JONSON.



The Door-Step.

THE conference-meeting through at last,
We boys around the vestry waited
To see the girls come tripping past,
Like snow-birds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall
By level musket-flashes litten,
Than I, who stepped before them all
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no: she blushed and took my arm!
We let the old folks have the highway,
And started toward the Maple Farm
Along a kind of lover's by-way.

I can't remember what we said —
'Twas nothing worth a song or story;
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed, and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff —
O sculptor, if you could but mould it!
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone,
'Twas love and fear and triumph blended,
At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home;
Her dimpled hand the latches fingered;
We heard the voices nearer come,
Yet on the door-step still we lingered.

She shook her ringlets from her hood
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled;
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
The moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said —
"Come, now or never! do it! *do it.*"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister ;
But somehow, full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth — I kissed her !

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still —
O listless woman, weary lover ! —
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill
I'd live — but who can live youth over?
EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.



Annie Laurie.

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true —
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be ;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snawdrift,
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on —
That e'er the sun shone on ;
And dark blue is her e'e ;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
Like the winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet—
Her voice is low and sweet;
And she's a' the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS.



The Night Has a Thousand Eyes.

THE night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one:
Yet the light of a whole world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

FRANCIS WILLIAM BOURDILLON.



Auld Lang Syne.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught
For auld lang syne!

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

*For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne!*

ROBERT BURNS.



Comin' through the Rye.

GIN a body meet a body
 Comin' through the rye,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body cry?
 Every lassie has her laddie —
 Ne'er a ane hae I;
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me
 When comin' through the rye.
*Amang the train there is a swain
 I dearly lo'e mysel';
 But whaur his hame, or what his name,
 I dinna care to tell.*

Gin a body meet a body
 Comin' frae the town,
 Gin a body greet a body,
 Need a body frown?
 Every lassie has her laddie —
 Ne'er a ane hae I;
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me
 When comin' through the rye.

*Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But whaur his hame, or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.*

UNKNOWN.



She Walks in Beauty.

SHE walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that 's best of dark and bright
Meets in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face —
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear, their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

LORD BYRON.

The Last Leaf.

I SAW him once before,
As he passed by the door ;
And again
The pavement-stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
So forlorn ;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom ;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said —
Poor old lady! she is dead
 Long ago —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
 In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
 Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
 In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
 At him here.
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
 Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
 In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
 Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



Jenny Kissed Me.

JENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old, but add — Jenny kissed me!
LEIGH HUNT.



Oft in the Stilly Night.

OFT in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me:
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

THOMAS MOORE.



The Last Rose of Summer.

'TIS the last rose of Summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.

Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THOMAS MOORE.



The Brook-side.

I WANDERED by the brook-side,
I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree;
I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer
I did not feel afraid;

For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,— no, he came not —
The night came on alone,
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening wind passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind:
It drew me nearer — nearer,
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.



John Anderson.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;

But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo!

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

ROBERT BURNS.



Home, Sweet Home.

MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
home;

A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with
elsewhere.

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like
Home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!

The birds singing^d gayly, that came at my call,—
Give me them,—and the peace of mind, dearer
than all!

Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like
Home!

How sweet 't is to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!
Let others delight mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh, give me, the pleasures of home!

Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like
Home!

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home,
Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like
Home!

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.



Charlie Is My Darling.

'T WAS on a Monday morning
Richt early in the year,
That Charlie cam' to our toun,
The young chevalier.

*And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling;
Charlie he's my darling,
The young chevalier!*

As he was walking up the street,
The city for to view,
Oh, there he spied a bonny lass
The window looking through.

Say licht's he jumped up the stair,
And tirl'd at the pin;
And wha sae ready as hersel'
To let the laddie in?

He set his Jenny on his knee,
All in his Highland dress;
For brawly weel he kenned the way
To please a bonnie lass.

It's up on yon heathery mountain,
And down yon scroggy glen,
We daurna gan a-milking
For Charlie and his men.

*And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling;
Charlie he's my darling,
The young chevalier!*



Ruth.

SHE stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened; such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell;
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim.
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

THOMAS HOOD.



To Althea — from Prison.

WHEN Love, with unconfined wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes, that tinkle in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.

If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free —
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

RICHARD LOVELACE.



The Banks o' Doon.

I

YE banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care!
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn!
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

II

Aft hae we rov'd by bonie Doon
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
And ilka a bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree!
And my fause luvèr stow my rose —
But ah! he left the thorn with me.

ROBERT BURNS.



Phillida and Corydon.

IN the merrie moneth of Maye,
In a morne by break of daye,
With a troupe of damsells playing,
Forth I yode forsooth a-maying;

Where anon by a wood side,
Whenas Maye was in his pride,
I espied all alone
Phillida and Corydon.

Much adoe there was, God wot;
He wold love, and she wold not.
She sayd never man was trewe;
He sayes none was false to you.

He sayde hee had lovde her longe;
She sayes love should have no wronge.
Corydon would kisse her then;
She sayes maids must kisse no men,

Tyll they doe for good and all.
When she made the shepperde call
All the heavens to wytnes truthe,
Never loved a truer youthe.

Then with many a prettie othe,
Yea and naye, and faithe and trothe —
Such as seelie shepperdes use
When they will not love abuse —

Love, that had bene long deluded,
Was with kisses sweete concluded;
And Phillida with garlands gaye
Was made the ladye of the Maye.

NICHOLAS BRETON.



To Mary in Heaven.

THOU lingering star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear, departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past —
Thy image at our last embrace!
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening, green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but th' impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary! dear, departed shade!

Where is thy place of blissful rest?

Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?

Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

ROBERT BURNS.



Frost.

HOW small a tooth hath mined the season's heart!
How cold a touch hath set the wood on fire,
Until it blazes like a costly pyre
Built for some Ganges emperor, old and swart,
Soul-spiced on clouds of incense! Whose the art
That webs the streams, each morn, with silver wire,
Delicate as the tension of a lyre,—
Whose falchion pries the chestnut-burr apart?
It is the Frost, a rude and Gothic sprite,
Who doth unbuild the Summer's palaced wealth,
And puts her dear loves all to sword or flight;
Yet in the hushed, unmindful winter's night
The spoiler builds again with jealous stealth,
And sets a mimic garden, cold and bright.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

The Solitude of Alexander Selkirk.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From the center all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,—
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, Friendship, and Love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more!

My friends — do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
Oh, tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-wingèd arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the seafowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair,
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

WILLIAM COWPER.



Elfin Song.

(From the Culprit Fay)

OU PHE and goblin! imp and sprite!
Elf of eve! and starry fay!
Ye that love the moon's soft light,
Hither — hither wend your way;

Twine ye in a jocund ring,
Sing and trip it merrily,
Hand to hand, and wing to wing,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

Hail the wanderer again
With dance and song, and lute and lyre;
Pure his wing and strong his chain,
And doubly bright his fairy fire.
Twine ye in an airy round,
Brush the dew and print the lea;
Skip and gambol, hop and bound,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

The beetle guards our holy ground,
He flies about the haunted place,
And if mortal there be found,
He hums in his ears and flaps his face;
The leaf-harp sounds our roundelay,
The owlet's eyes our lanterns be;
Thus we sing, and dance, and play,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

But, hark! from tower on tree-top high,
The sentry-elf his call has made;
A streak is in the eastern sky,
Shapes of moonlight! flit and fade!
The hill-tops gleam in morning's spring,
The sky-lark shakes his dappled wing,
The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn,
The cock has crowed, and the fays are gone.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

The Belfry Pigeon.

ON the cross-beam under the Old South bell
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
In summer and winter that bird is there,
Out and in with the morning air;
I love to see him track the street,
With his wary eye and active feet;
And I often watch him as he springs,
Circling the steeple with easy wings,
Till across the dial his shade has passed,
And the belfry edge is gained at last;
'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
There's a human look in its swelling breast,
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel,
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell,
Chime of the hour, or funeral knell,
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon,
When the sexton cheerly rings for noon,
When the clock strikes clear at morning light,
When the child is waked with "nine at night,"
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer,—
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirred,

Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast,
Then drops again, with filmèd eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet bird! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd like thee!
With wings to fly to wood and glen,
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;
And daily, with unwilling feet,
I tread, like thee, the crowded street,
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world, and soar;
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,
Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast,
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

I would that, in such wings of gold,
I could my weary heart upfold;
I would I could look down unmoved
(Unloving as I am unloved),
And while the world throngs on beneath,
Smooth down my cares and calmly breathe;
And never sad with others' sadness,
And never glad with others' gladness,
Listen, unstirred, to knell or chime,
And, lapped in quiet, bide my time.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.



The Rose.

G O, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired!
Bid her come forth —
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee —
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

EDMUND WALLER.



My Own Shall Come to Me.

SERENE I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea.
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap when it has sown,
And gather up its fruit of tears.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave comes to the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

The Age of Wisdom.

HO! pretty page, with the dimpled chin,
That never has known the barber's shear,
All your wish is woman to win;
This is the way that boys begin —
Wait till you come to forty year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains;
Billing and cooing is all your cheer —
Sighing, and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonnybell's window-panes —
Wait till you come to forty year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass;
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear;
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass —
Once you have come to forty year.

Pledge me round; I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are gray —
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome ere
Ever a month was past away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper and we not list,
Or look away and never be missed —
Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian 's dead! God rest her bier —

How I loved her twenty years syne!

Marian 's married; but I sit here,

Alone and merry at forty year,

Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.



Honest Poverty.

IS there for honest poverty

Wha hangs his head, and a' that?

The coward-slave, we pass him by;

We dare be poor for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,

Our toils obscure, and a' that;

The rank is but the guinea's stamp —

The man 's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,

Wear hodden grey, and a' that;

Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine —

A man 's a man for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,

Their tinsel show, and a' that;

The honest man, though e'er sae poor,

Is king o' men for a' that.

You see yon birkie ca'd a lord,

Wha struts, and stares, and a' that —

Tho' hundreds worship at his word,

He 's but a coof for a' that;

For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man 's aboon his might —
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
It 's coming yet, for a' that —
When man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

ROBERT BURNS.



Without and Within.

MY Coachman, in the moonlight there,
Looks through the side-light of the door;
I hear him with his brethren swear,
As I could do,— but only more.

Flattening his nose against the pane,
He envies me my brilliant lot,
Breathes on his aching fists in vain,
And dooms me to a place more hot.

He sees me in to supper go,
A silken wonder by my side,
Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row
Of flounces, for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm
'Neath its white-gloved and jewelled load;
And wishes me some dreadful harm,
Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile I inly curse the bore
Of hunting still the same old coon,
And envy him, outside the door,
In golden quiets of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold
As the bright smile he sees me win,
Nor the host's oldest wine so old
As our poor gabble sour and thin.

I envy him the ungyved prance
By which his freezing feet he warms,
And drag my lady's chains, and dance
The galley-slave of dreary forms.

Oh, could he have my share of din,
And I his quiet! past a doubt
'Twould still be one man bored within,
And just another bored without.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



A Health.

I FILL this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'T is less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burdened bee
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness of young flowers;

And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,—
The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain;
But memory, such as mine of her,
So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon —
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

EDWARD C. PINKNEY.



Old Folks at Home.

WAY down upon de Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere 's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dere 's wha de old folks stay.

All up and down de whole creation
 Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
 And for de old folks at home!

All de wold am sad and dreary,
 Eberywhere I roam;
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
 Far from de old folks at home!

All round de little farm I wandered
 When I was young,
Den many happy days I squandered,
 Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder
 Happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder!
 Dere let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,
 One dat I love,
Still sadly to my memory rushes,
 No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming
 All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming,
 Down in my good old home?

All de world am sad and dreary,
 Eberywhere I roam,
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
 Far from de old folks at home!

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

My Old Kentucky Home, Good-Night.

THE sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home ;
'Tis summer, the darkeys are gay ;
The corn-top 's ripe, and the meadow 's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright ;
By-'n'-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door :—
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night !

Weep no more, my lady,
O, weep no more to-day !
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore ;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow, where all was delight ;
The time has come when the darkeys have to part :—
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night !

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go ;
A few more days, and the trouble all will end,
In the field where the sugar-canecanes grow.
A few more days for to tote the weary load,—
No matter, 't will never be light ;
A few more days till we totter on the road :—
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night !

Weep no more, my lady,
O, weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.



Kathleen Mavourneen.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN! the gray dawn
is breaking,

The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill;
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking,—

Kathleen Mavourneen! what, slumbering still?
Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh! hast thou forgotten this day we must part?
It may be for years, and it may be forever!

Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
Oh! why are thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers!

The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
Ah, where is the spell that once hung on my numbers?

Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night!
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I must part!
It may be for years, and it may be forever!

Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

JULIA CRAWFORD.

Light.

MYSTERIOUS Light! When our first parent
knew

Thee from report divine and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet, 'neath the curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great seething flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And, lo! Creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed

Within thy beams, O Sun, or who could find,
While fly and leaf and insect lay revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou madest us blind?
Why do we, then, shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.



Come into the Garden, Maud.

COME into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown!
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone!

And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirred
To the dancers dancing in tune;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
"For ever and ever, mine!"

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clashed in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs,
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet,
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither! the dances are done;
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear,
She is coming, my life, my fate!

The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near!"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late!"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear,"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet!
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead,
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire —
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre;

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood —
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined —
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride.
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh,

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered
muse,

The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate —

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove —
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came — nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

“The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him
borne:

Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere —
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode —
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY.

To My Mother.

CHIMING a dream by the way
With ocean's rapture and roar,
I met a maiden to-day
Walking alone on the shore:
Walking in maiden wise,
Modest and kind and fair,
The freshness of spring in her eyes
And the fulness of spring in her hair.

Cloud-shadow and scudding sun-burst
Were swift on the floor of the sea,
And a mad wind was romping its worst,
But what was their magic to me?
Or the charm of the midsummer skies?
I only saw she was there,
A dream of the sea in her eyes
And the kiss of the sea in her hair.

I watched her vanish in space;
She came where I walked no more;
But something had passed of her grace
To the spell of the wave and the shore;
And now, as the glad stars rise,
She comes to me, rosy and rare,
The delight of the wind in her eyes
And the hand of the wind in her hair.

W. E. HENLEY.



The Forsaken Merman.

COME, dear children, let us away!

Down and away below.

Now my brothers call from the bay;

Now the great winds shorewards blow;

Now the salt tides seaward flow;

Now the wild white horses play,

Champ and chaff and toss in the spray.

Children dear, let us away;

This way, this way.

Call her once before you go.

Call once yet,

In a voice that she will know:

“Margaret! Margaret!”

Children’s voices should be dear

(Call once more) to a mother’s ear;

Children’s voices wild with pain.

Surely, she will come again.

Call her once, and come away;

This way, this way.

“Mother dear, we cannot stay,”

The wild white horses foam and fret,

Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down.

Call no more.

One last look at the white-walled town,

And the little gray church on the windy shore,

Then come down.

She will not come, though you call all day.

Come away, come away.

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
 In the caverns where we lay,
 Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?
Sand-strewn caverns cool and deep,
 Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam;
Where the salt weed sways in the stream;
Where the sea-beasts ranged all around
Feed in the ooze of their pasture ground;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail, and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world forever and aye?
 When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
Once she sat with you and me,
 On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
 And the youngest sat on her knee.
She combed its bright hair and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of the far-off bell;
She sighed, she looked up through the clear green
 sea;
She said, "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little gray church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world — ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, merman, here with thee."

I said, "Go up, dear heart, through the waves;
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-
caves."

She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay;
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?

"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan;
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say.
Come," I said, and we rose through the surf in the
bay.

We went up the beach in the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled
town,

Through the narrow-paved streets, where all was
still,

To the little gray church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their
prayers,

But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.

We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn with
rains,

And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded
panes.

She sat by the pillar; we saw her clear;

"Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here.

Dear heart," I said, "we are here alone.

The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."

But ah, she gave me never a look,

For her eyes were sealed to the holy book.

"Loud prays the priest; shut stands the
door."

Come away, children, call no more,
Come away, come away, call no more.

Down, down, down,
Down to the depths of the sea;
She sits at her wheel in the humming town
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings: "Oh joy, oh joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy,
For the priest and the bell, and the holy well,
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun."
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the shuttle falls from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand;
And over the sand at the sea;
And her eyes are set in a stare;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh,
For the cold strange eyes of a little mermaiden
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children,
Come, children, come down.
The hoarse wind blows colder;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber

When gusts shake the door;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar;
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing, "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she,
And alone dwell forever
The kings of the sea."

But children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low,
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starred with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanched sands a gloom;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie;
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze from the sand-hills,
At the white sleeping town;
At the church on the hill-side —

And then come back, down.
Singing, "There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she;
She left lonely forever
The kings of the sea."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The Shepherd of King Admetus.

THERE came a youth upon the earth,
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
Whether to plow, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise-shell
He stretched some chords, and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had
Pure taste by right divine,
Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine:

And so, well pleased with being soothed
Into a sweet half-sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
In whom no good they saw;
And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
For idly, hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
Did teach him all their use,
For, in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
But when a glance they caught
Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love, because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their first-born brother as a god.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



Little People.

I STOLE so gently on their dance,
Their pygmy dance in red sunrise,
I caught the warm and tender glance
Each gallant gave his dear one's eyes.

Wee ladies clad in fine bat's-wing
With pluméd lordlings, stamp the heel;
Behind them swords and fans they fling
And foot it blithely down the reel.

They sighed and ogled, whispered, kissed,
In meetings of the swaying dance —
Then fled not, but were swiftly missed,
Like love from out a well-known glance.

I sprang: the flashing swords were grown
Mere blossom-stalks from tulips tossed;
The fans that sparkled on the stone
Were turned to sprays of glittering frost.
CHARLES DE KAY.



The Bells.

I

HEAR the sledges with the bells —
Silver bells —
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle

All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight —
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II

Hear the mellow wedding bells —
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III

Hear the loud alarum bells —
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In the clamorous appealing to the mercy of the
fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic
fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now — now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells,
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,

How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the
bells —

Of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV

Hear the tolling of the bells —
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody
compels!

In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!

For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats

Is a groan.

And the people — ah, the people —
They that dwell up in the steeple,

All alone,

And who tolling, tolling, tolling,

In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling

On the human heart a stone —

They are neither man nor woman.—

They are neither brute nor human —

They are ghouls:

And their king it is who tolls;

And he rolls, rolls, rolls,

Rolls,

A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells —
 Of the bells:
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells —
 Of the bells, bells, bells —
To the sobbing of the bells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells —
 Of the bells, bells, bells —
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells —
 Bells, bells, bells —
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.
EDGAR ALLAN POE.

POEMS OF PATRIOTISM AND
VALOR.

The American Flag.

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven —
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given

To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur-smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on;

Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance,
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor-glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.

For ever float that standard sheet!

Where breathes the foe but falls before us?
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.



Monterey.

WE were not many, we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day;
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if but he could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on, still on our column kept
Through walls of flame its withering way;
Where fell the dead, the living slept,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play;
Where orange-boughs above their grave,
Keep green the memory of the brave,
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many, we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest
Than not have been at Monterey?

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.



The Pilgrim Fathers.

THE Pilgrim Fathers, where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray,
As they break along the shore —
Still roll in the bay as they rolled that day
When the Mayflower moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapped the pilgrim's sleep
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride:
But the snow-white sail that he gave to the gale
When the heavens looked dark, is gone;
As an angel's wing through an opening cloud
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile — sainted name!

The hill, whose icy brow

Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,

In the morning's flame burns now.

And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night

On the hill-side and the sea,

Still lies where he laid his houseless head;

But the pilgrim, where is he?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest:

When Summer is throned on high,

And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,

Go, stand on the hill where they lie:

The earliest ray of the golden day

On the hallowed spot is cast;

And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,

Looks kindly on that spot last.

The pilgrim spirit has not fled:

It walks in noon's broad light;

And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,

With the holy stars by night:

It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,

And shall guard this ice-bound shore,

Till the waves of the bay where the Mayflower lay

Shall foam and freeze no more.

JOHN PIERPONT.



Recessional.

GOD of our fathers, known of old —
Lord of our far-flung battle-line —
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies —
The captains and the kings depart —
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away —
On dune and headland sinks the fire —
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Let us forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe —
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard —
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard —
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy People, Lord! Amen.
RUDYARD KIPLING.



A Song in Camp.

“GIVE us a song!” the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
“We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow.”

They lay along the battery’s side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
 Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
 But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
 Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
 Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
 But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
 Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
 The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
 How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
 Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
 And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
 For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
 Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honoured rest

Your truth and valour wearing:

The bravest are the tenderest,—

The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR.



Sheridan's Ride.

UP from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight;

As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering
South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full
play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace fire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of ire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops.
What was done — what to do? A glance told him
both,
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,

He dashed down the line, mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there,
because

The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was
gray;

By the flash of his eye, and the red nostrils' play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say:
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious General's name
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.



The Battle of Waterloo.

(From Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.)

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when

Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising
knell!

Did ye not hear it? — No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling over the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure
meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat,
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is — it is — the cannon's opening
roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic
ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it
near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well,
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could
quell:
He rushed into the field, and foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness:
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts; and choking
sighs,
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could
guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could
rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering
car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips — "The foe! They
come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering"
rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, save her Saxon foes!
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which
fills

Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clans-
man's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green
leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave — alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and
low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshaling in arms — the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse — friend, foe — in one red burial
blent!

BYRON.



Battle-Hymn of the Republic.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of
the Lord:

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes
of wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible
swift sword:

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred
circling camps;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews
and damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps:

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnish'd rows of
steel:

"As ye deal with my contemnèrs, so with you my
grace shall deal;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent
with his heel,

Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His
judgment-seat:

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant,
my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across
the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you
and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free,
While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.



Old Ironsides.

AYE, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

O. W. HOLMES.



Concord Hymn.

(SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE CONCORD
MONUMENT, APRIL 19, 1836)

BY the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, or leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

R. W. EMERSON.



The Bowmen's Song.

(From "The White Company.")

WHAT of the bow?
The bow was made in England:
Of true wood, of yew wood,
The wood of English bows;
So men who are free
Love the old yew-tree
And the land where the yew-tree grows.

What of the men?
The men were bred in England,
The bowmen, the yeomen,
The lads of the dale and fell.
Here's to you and to you,
To the hearts that are true,
And the land where the true hearts dwell.

CONAN DOYLE.



“O Falmouth Is a Fine Town.”

O FALMOUTH is a fine town with ships in the
bay,

And I wish from my heart it's there I was
to-day;

I wish from my heart I was far away from here,
Sitting in my parlour and talking to my dear.

For it's home, dearie, home — it's home I want
to be.

Our topsails are hoisted, and we'll away to sea.
O, the oak and the ash and the bonnie birken
tree,

They're all growing green in the old countrie.

In Baltimore a-walking a lady I did meet

With her babe on her arm, as she came down the
street;

And I thought how I sailed, and the cradle stand-
ing ready

For the pretty little babe that has never seen its
daddie.

And it's home, dearie, home. . . .

O, if it be a lass, she shall wear a golden ring;

And if it be a lad, he shall fight for his king:

With his dirk and his hat and his little jacket blue
He shall walk the quarter-deck as his daddie used
to do.

And it's home, dearie, home. . . .

O, there's a wind a-blowing, a-blowing from the
west,
And that of all the winds is the one I like the best,
For it blows at our backs, and it shakes our pennon
free,
And it soon will blow us home to the old countrie.
For it's home dearie, home — it's home I want
to be.
Our topsails are hoisted, and we'll away to sea.
O, the oak and the ash and the bonnie birken
tree.
They're all growing green in the old countrie.
W. E. HENLEY.



Carmen Bellicosum.

IN their ragged regimentals
Stood the old continentals,
Yielding not,
When the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot;
When the files
Of the isles,
From the smoky night encampment, bore the ban-
ner of the rampant
Unicorn,
And grummer, grummer, grummer, rolled the roll
of the drummer,
Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
 Stood our sires;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
 Blazed the fires;
 As the roar
 On the shore,
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-
sodded acres
 Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gun-
powder,
 Cracking amain!
Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red St. George's
 Cannoniers;
And the "villainous saltpetre"
Rung a fierce, discordant metre
 Round their ears;
 As the swift
 Storm-drift,
With hot sweeping anger, came the horse-guards'
clangor
 On our flanks.
Then higher, higher, higher, burned the old-fash-
ioned fire
 Through the ranks!

Then the old-fashioned colonel
Galoped through the white infernal
 Powder-cloud;

And his broad sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
 Trumpet loud.
 Then the blue
 Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of the
 leaden
 Rifle-breath;
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron six-
 pounder,
 Hurling death!
 GUY HUMPHREY McMASTER.



The Song of the Western Men.

A GOOD sword and a trusty hand,
 A merry heart and true,
King James's men shall understand
 What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fix'd the where and when?
 And shall Trelawney die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornishmen
 Will see the reason why!

Out spake their captain brave and bold,
 A merry wight was he:
"If London Tower were Michael's hold,
 We'll set Trelawney free!

“ We’ll cross the Tamar, land to land,
The Severn is no stay, —
All side by side and hand to hand,
And who shall bid us nay?

“ And when we come to London wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth, come forth, ye cowards all,
To better men than you.

“ Trelawney he’s in keep and hold,
Trelawney he may die!
But here’s twenty thousand Cornish bold,
Will see the reason why!”

R. S. HAWKER.



The Glove.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a
royal sport,
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on
the court;
The nobles fill’d the benches, and the ladies in their
pride,
And ’mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one
for whom he sigh’d:
And truly ’twas a gallant thing to see that crown-
ing show,
Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal
beasts below.

Ramp'd and roar'd the lions, with horrid laughing
jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind
went with their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled roar they roll'd on
one another,
Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thun-
derous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whisking
through the air;
Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better
here than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a beauteous
lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which
always seem'd the same;
She thought, "The Count my lover is brave as brave
can be;
He surely would do wondrous things to show his
love of me;
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is
divine;
I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory
will be mine."

She dropp'd her glove to prove his love, then look'd
at him and smil'd;
He bow'd, and in a moment leap'd among the lions
wild:

The leap was quick, return was quick, he has re-
gain'd the place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in
the lady's face.

"My faith!" said Francis, "rightly done!" and he
rose from where he sat;

"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task
like that."

LEIGH HUNT.



Lochinvar.

OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the west;
Through all the wide border his steed was the
best;
And save his good broad-sword he weapon had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There was never a knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and
all;

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"Oh come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine;
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up;
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better
by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Loch-
invar,"

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door and the charger
stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
“She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and
scaur;
They’ll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting ’mong Græmes of the Netherby
clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
they ran:
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er did they see,
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e’er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?
SIR WALTER SCOTT.



O Captain! My Captain!

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is
done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we
sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all
exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim
and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you the
bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths — for you
the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager
faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and
still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor
will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage
closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with
object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN.

Excelsior.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device —
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eyes beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue —
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan —
Excelsior!

“Try not the pass,” the old man said:
“Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!”
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

“Oh stay,” the maiden said, “and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!”
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

“Beware the pine-tree’s withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!”
This was the peasant’s last good-night;
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried, through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star —
Excelsior!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



How Sleep the Brave.

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country’s wishes blessed!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy’s feet have ever trod,

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

WILLIAM COLLINS.



How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
“Good speed!” cried the watch as the gate-bolts
undrew;
“Speed!” echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girth tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique
right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas a moonset at starting; but while we drew
near

Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-
chime —

So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent
back

For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,— ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;
And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which aye and
anon

His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay
spur!

Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her;
We'll remember at Aix" — for one heard the quick
wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering
knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like
 chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his
 roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her
 fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without
 peer —
Clapped my hands, laughed and sung, any noise,
 bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the
 ground;

And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of
 wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news
 from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.



The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reckon, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone —
But we left him alone with his glory!

C. WOLFE.



Bannock-Burn.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled —
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led —
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power —
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa'—
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

ROBERT BURNS.



Give a Rouse.

KING CHARLES, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who 's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here 's in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

Who gave me the goods that went since?

Who raised me the house that sank once?

Who helped me to gold I spent since?

Who found me in wine you drank once?

King Charles, and who 'll do him right now?

King Charles, and who 's ripe for fight now?

Give a rouse: here 's in hell's despite now,

King Charles!

To whom used my boy George quaff else,

By the old fool's side that begot him?

For whom did he cheer and laugh else,

While Noll's damned troopers shot him?

King Charles, and who 'll do him right now?

King Charles, and who 's ripe for fight now?

Give a rouse: here 's in hell's despite now,

King Charles!

ROBERT BROWNING.



The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

TO the lords of convention 'twas Claverhouse who
spoke,

“Ere the king's crown shall fall, there are crowns
to be broke;

So let each cavalier who loves honor and me
Come follow the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!”

*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!*

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are
beat;
But the provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let
him be,
The gude toun is well quit of that deil of Dundee!"

As he rode doun the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;
But the young plants of grace they looked cowthie
and slee,
Thinking, Luck to thy bonnet, thou bonnie Dundee!

With sour-featured whigs the grass-market was
thranged,
As if the west had set tryst to be hanged;
There was spite in each look, there was fear in
each ee,
As they watched for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway
was free
At the toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

He spurred to the foot of the proud castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke:
“Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words
or three,
For the love of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.”

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes.
“Where’er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
Your grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

“There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond
Forth;
If there’s lords in the Lowlands, there’s chiefs in the
north;
There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times
three
Will cry ‘Hoigh!’ for the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

“There ’s brass on the target of barkened bull-hide,
There ’s steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free,
At a toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

“Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,
Ere I own an usurper I’ll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me.”

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were
blown,
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,

Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lea
Died away the wild war-notes of bonnie Dundee.

*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle the horses, and call up the men;
Come open your doors and let me gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



The Destruction of Sennacherib.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the
fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the
sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath flown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew
still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his
pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail;
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

BYRON.



Leonidas.

SHOUT for the mighty men
Who died along this shore,
Who died within this mountain's glen!
For never nobler chieftain's head
Was laid on valor's crimson bed,
Nor ever prouder gore
Sprang forth, than theirs who won the day
Upon thy strand, Thermopylæ!

Shout for the mighty men
 Who on the Persian tents,
Like lions from their midnight den
Bounding on the slumbering deer,
Rushed — a storm of sword and spear;
 Like the roused elements,
Let loose from an immortal hand
To chasten or to crush a land!

But there are none to hear —
 Greece is a hopeless slave.
Leonidas! no hand is near
To lift thy fiery falchion now;
No warrior makes the warrior's vow
 Upon thy sea-washed grave.
The voice that should be raised by men
Must now be given by wave and glen.

And it is given! The surge,
 The tree, the rock, the sand
On freedom's kneeling spirit urge,
In sounds that speak but to the free,
The memory of thine and thee!
 The vision of thy band
Still gleams within the glorious dell
Where their gore hallowed as it fell!

And is thy grandeur done?
 Mother of men like these!
Has not thy outcry gone
Where justice has an ear to hear?

Be holy! God shall guide thy spear,
Till in thy crimsoned seas
Are plunged the chain and scimitar.
Greece shall be a new-born star!

GEORGE CROLY.



Boadicea.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods.

Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief:

Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish — write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground —
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow:
Rushed to battle, fought, and died;
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you.

WILLIAM COWPER.



Bugle Song.

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes—dying, dying, dying!

Oh hark, oh hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, further going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes — dying, dying, dying!

O love, they die in yon rich sky;
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer — dying, dying, dying!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Casabianca.

THE boy stood on the burning deck
 Whence all but him had fled ;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
 Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
 As born to rule the storm ;
A creature of heroic blood,
 A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on — he would not go
 Without his father's word ;
That father, faint in death below,
 His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud — “ Say, father, say,
 If yet my task is done? ”
He knew not that the chieftain lay
 Unconscious of his son.

“ Speak, father! ” once again he cried,
 “ If I may yet be gone! ”
And but the booming shots replied,
 And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
 And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
 In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
“ My father! must I stay? ”
While o’er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound —
The boy — oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea! —

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part —
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young, faithful heart!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.



Hohenlinden.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
Then rushed the steeds to battle driven;
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet those fires shall glow
On Linden's hills of crimsoned snow,
And bloodier yet shall be the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.



The Charge of the Light Brigade at Balak-
lava.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.

Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred;
For up came an order which
Some one had blundered.
“Forward, the light brigade!
Take the guns!” Nolan said:
Into the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward the light brigade!”
No man was there dismayed —
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die —
Into the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered.

Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
 Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed all at once in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery smoke,
With many a desperate stroke
The Russian line they broke;
Then they rode back, but not —
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
 Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
Those that had fought so well
Came from the jaws of death,
 Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them.
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh the wild charge they made!

Honor the charge they made!
Honor the light brigade!
Noble six hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON.



Marco Bozzaris.

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring —
Then pressed that monarch's throne — a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band —
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Plataea's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arms to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on — the Turk awoke:

That bright dream was his last;

He woke — to hear his sentries shriek,

“To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!”

He woke — to die midst flame, and smoke,

And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,

And death-shots falling thick and fast

As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;

And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,

Bozzaris cheer his band:

“Strike — till the last armed foe expires;

Strike — for your altars and your fires;

Strike — for the green graves of your sires;

God — and your native land!”

They fought — like brave men, long and well;

They piled that ground with Moslem slain;

They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,

Bleeding at every vein.

His few surviving comrades saw

His smile when rang their proud hurrah,

And the red field was won;

Then saw in death his eyelids close

Calmly, as to a night's repose.

Like flowers at set of sun

Come to the bridal chamber, death;

Come to the mother's when she feels,

For the first time, her first-born's breath;

Come when the blessed seals

That close the pestilence are broke,

And crowded cities wail its stroke;

Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake-shock, the ocean-storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible — the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought —
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought —
Come in her crowning hour — and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,

Rest thee — there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.

She wore no funeral weeds for thee,

Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,

The heartless luxury of the tomb.

But she remembers thee as one

Long loved, and for a season gone.

For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,

Her marble wrought, her music breathed;

For thee she rings the birth-day bells;

Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;

For thine her evening prayer is said

At palace couch, and cottage bed;

Her soldier, closing with the foe,

Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;

His plighted maiden, when she fears

For him, the joy of her young years,

Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.

And she, the mother of thy boys,

Though in her eye and faded cheek

Is read the grief she will not speak,

The memory of her buried joys —

And even she who gave thee birth,

Will, by her pilgrim-circled hearth,

Talk of thy doom without a sigh;

For thou art freedom's now, and fame's —

One of the few, the immortal names

That were not born to die.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Music in Camp.

TWO armies covered hill and plain,
Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
In meads of heavenly azure;
And each dread gun of the elements
Slept in its hid embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now, where circling hills looked down
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
A strain — now rich, now tender;
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which, eve and morn,
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up, with flute and horn
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still, and then the band,
With movement light and tricky,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream with burnished glow
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpets pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew,
To kiss the shining pebbles;
Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugles sang
Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang —
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
All silent now the Yankees stood,
And silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Or Blue or Gray, the soldier sees,
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm, his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er him;
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes,
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished, as the strain
And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art,
Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of music shines,
That bright, celestial creature,
Who still, mid war's embattled lines,
Gave this one touch of Nature.

JOHN R. THOMPSON.



The Minstrel Boy.

THE Minstrel Boy to the war has gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! — but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery."

THOMAS MOORE.



Sir Marmaduke.

SIR MARMADUKE was a hearty knight —
 Good man! old man!
He's painted standing bolt upright,
 With his hose rolled over his knee;
His periwig 's as white as chalk,
And on his fist he holds a hawk;
 And he looks like the head
 Of an ancient family.

His dining-room was long and wide —
 Good man! old man!
His spaniels lay by the fireside;
 And in other parts, d'ye see,
Cross-bows, tobacco-pipes, old hats,
A saddle, his wife, and a litter of cats;
 And he looked like the head
 Of an ancient family.

He never turned the poor from the gate —
 Good man! old man!
But was always ready to break the pate
 Of his country's enemy.
What knight could do a better thing
Than serve the poor, and fight for his king?
 And so may every head
 Of an ancient family.

GEORGE COLMAN, the younger.



Sir Galahad.

MY good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favours fall!
For them I battle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns:

Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice, but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessèd vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming town I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.

I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessèd forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight — to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces cloth'd in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odours haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armour that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swell's up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near."
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the holy Grail.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The Tournament.

BRIGHT shone the lists, blue bent the skies,
And the knights still hurried amain
To the tournament under the ladies' eyes,
Where the jousters were Heart and Brain.

Flourished the trumpets, entered Heart,
A youth in crimson and gold;
Flourished again; Brain stood apart,
Steel-armoured, dark and cold.

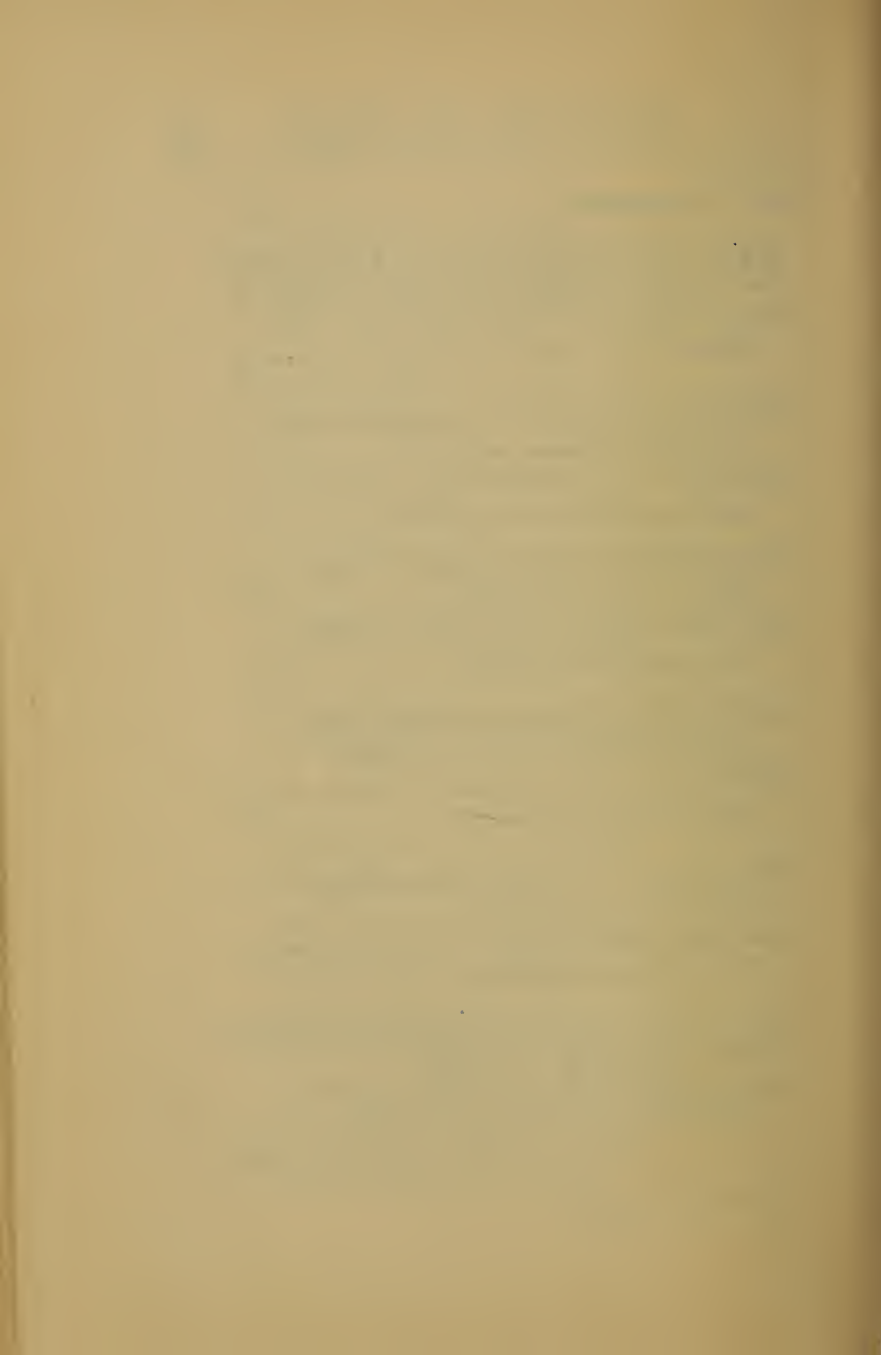
Heart's palfrey caracoled gaily round,
Heart tra-li-ra'd merrily;
But Brain sat still, with never a sound,
So cynical-calm was he.

Heart's helmet-crest bore favours three
From his lady's white hand caught;
While Brain wore a plumeless casque; not he
Or favour gave or sought.

The trumpet blew; Heart shot a glance
To catch his lady's eye,
But Brain gazed straight ahead, his lance,
To aim more faithfully.

They charged, they struck; both fell, both bled;
Brain rose again, ungloved;
Heart, dying, smiled and faintly said:
"My love to my beloved."

SIDNEY LANIER.



BALLADS.

Faithless Sally Brown.

YOUNG BEN he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head —
He'll be as good as me;
For when your swain is in our boat
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A-coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"
She cried, and wept outright;
"Then I will to the water-side,
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her ;
 " Now, young woman," said he,
" If you weep on so, you will make
 Eye-water in the sea."

" Alas ! they've taken my beau, Ben,
 To sail with old Benbow ; "
And her woe began to run afresh,
 As if she'd said Gee woe !

Says he, " They've only taken him
 To the tender ship, you see."
" The tender ship," cried Sally Brown —
 " What a hard ship that must be !

" Oh ! would I were a mermaid now,
 For then I'd follow him ;
But oh ! — I'm not a fish woman,
 And so I cannot swim.

" Alas ! I was not born beneath
 The virgin and the scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars,
 And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sailed to many a place
 That's underneath the world ;
But in two years the ship came home,
 And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown,
To see how she got on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian-name was John.

“O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so?
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow!”

Then reading on his 'bacco-box,
He heaved a heavy sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing “All's Well!”
But could not, though he tried;
His head was turned — and so he chewed
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befell;
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton tolled the bell.

THOMAS HOOD.



Sir Patrick Spens.

THE king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
“Oh where will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this new ship of mine?”

Oh up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee:
“Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea.”

Our king has written a braid letter,
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

“To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame!”

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud, loud laughed he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blindit his e'e.

“Oh wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?”

“Be it wind, be it weat, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king’s daughter of Norway,
’Tis we must fetch her hame.”

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn
Wi’ a’ the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o’ Noroway
Began aloud to say:

“Ye Scottishmen spend a’ our king’s gowd
And a’ our quennis fee.”
“Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Fu’ loud I hear ye lie!

“For I hae brought as much white monie
As gane my men and me,—
And I hae brought a half-fou o’ gude red gowd
Out owre the sea wi’ me.

“Make ready, make ready, my merry men a’!
Our gude ship sails the morn.”
“Now, ever alake! my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

“ I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi’ the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we’ll come to harm.”

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league, but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves came o’er the broken ship
Till a’ her sides were torn.

“ Oh, where will I get a gude sailor,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast
To see if I can spy land? ”

“ Oh, here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall topmast,—
But I fear you’ll ne’er spy land.”

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step, but barely ane,
When a boult flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

“Gae fetch a web o’ the silken claith,
Another o’ the twine,
And wap them into our ship’s side,
And letna the sea come in.”

They fetched a web o’ the silken claith,
Another o’ the twine,
And they wrapped them roun’ that gude ship’s side,
— But still the sea came in.

Oh laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heeled shoon!
But lang or a’ the play was played,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
That floated on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord’s son
That never mair came hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,—
The maidens tore their hair;
A’ for the sake of their true loves,—
For them they’ll see na mair.

Oh lang, lang may the ladyes sit,
Wi’ their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' their gowd kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves,—
For them they'll see na mair.

Oh forty miles off Aberdour
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

ANONYMOUS.



Beth Gêlert.

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Attend Llewelyn's horn.
And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer:
"Come, Gêlert, come, wert never last
Llewelyn's horn to hear!
Oh, where does faithful Gêlert roam —
The flower of all his race:
So true, so brave — a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase?"

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board
The faithful Gêlert fed;
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
And sentinelled his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gêlert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.
And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many-mingled cries!

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chase of hart and hare;
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gêlert was not there.
Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal-seat,
His truant Gêlert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.
But when he gained his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore;
His lips, his fangs, ran blood!

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise,
Unused such looks to meet;
His favorite checked his joyful guise
And crouched and licked his feet.
Onward in haste Llewelyn passed,
And on went Gêlert too;
And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view!

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained cover rent,
And all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child — no voice replied —
He searched with terror wild;
Blood, blood, he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child!
“Hell-hound! my child's by thee devoured!”
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gêlert's side!
His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gêlert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gêlert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh:
What words the parent's joy could tell,
To hear his infant's cry!
Concealed beneath a tumbled heap,
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kissed!
Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead —
Tremendous still in death!

Ah! what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewelyn's heir.
Vain, vain, was all Llewelyn's woe:
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic blow which laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue!"
And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked;
And marbles, storied with his praise,
Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass
Or forester unmoved;
There oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewelyn's sorrow proved.
And there he hung his horn and spear,
And there, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gêlert's dying yell.
And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of "Gêlert's grave."

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.



Barbara Frietchie.

UP from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde;

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—

Over the mountains, winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

“Halt!”—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
“Fire!”—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

“Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country’s flag,” she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman’s deed and word:

“Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!” he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of freedom and union, wave!

Peace, and order, and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



The Diverting History of John Gilpin,

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED,
AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

JOHNS GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown;
A trainband captain eke was he,
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear —
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear;
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know;
And my good friend, the calender,
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed
Where they did all get in —
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels —
Were never folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride —
But soon came down again:

For saddletree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came: for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind;
When Betty, screaming, came down stairs —
“The wine is left behind!”

“Good lack!” quoth he — “yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I wear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.”

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow — the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay;
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung —
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he?
His fame soon spread around —
"He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols did he play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

“Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here’s the house,”
They all at once did cry;
“The dinner waits, and we are tired:”
Said Gilpin — “So am I!”

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why? — his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly — which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender’s
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

“What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall —
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

“I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig:
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear —
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit —
“My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

“But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.”

Said John, "It is my wedding day,
And all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So, turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here —
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear!
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why? — they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
“This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well.”

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain —
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

“Stop thief! stop thief! — a highwayman!”
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king!
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

WILLIAM COWPER.



The Ballad of Bouillabaisse.

A STREET there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des petits Champs its name is —
The New Street of the Little Fields;
And there's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case.
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is —
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;

Green herbs, red peppers, muscles, saffern,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace;
All these you eat at Terré's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savory stew 'tis;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks.
And Cordelier or Benedictine
Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting.
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?
Yes, here the lamp is as before;
The smiling, red-cheeked écaillère is
Still opening oysters at the door.
Is Terré still alive and able?
I recollect his droll grimace;
He'd come and smile before your table,
And hoped you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter; nothing's changed or older.
"How's Monsieur Terré, waiter, pray?"
The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder;
"Monsieur is dead this many a day."
"It is the lot of saint and sinner.
So honest Terré's run his race?"
"What will Monsieur require for dinner?"
"Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?"

"Oh, oui, Monsieur," 's the waiter's answer;
"Quel vin Monsieur desire-t-il?"
"Tell me a good one." "That I can, sir;
The Chambertin with yellow seal."
"So Terré's gone," I say, and sink in
My old accustomed corner-place;
"He's done with feasting and with drinking,
With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse."

My old accustomed corner here is,
The table still is in the nook;
Ah! vanished many a busy year is,
This well-known chair since last I took.
When first I saw ye, *Cari luoghi*,
I'd scarce a beard upon my face,
And now a grizzled, grim old foggy,
I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty
Of early days, here met to dine?
Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty —
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace;
Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet;
There's brave Augustus drives his carriage;
There's poor old Fred in the Gazette;

On James's head the grass is growing;
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the Claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place — but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me.
— There's no one now to share my cup.

* * * * *

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes;
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
In memory of dear old times.
Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;
And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.
— Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.



Sweet William's Farewell to Black-eyed Susan.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard.
Oh! where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among your crew.

William, who high upon the yard
Rocked with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sighed and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Mighty envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present whereso'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
No longer must she stay aboard;
They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land:
Adieu! she cries; and waved her lily hand.

JOHN GAY.



The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.

THERE was a youthe, and a well-beloved youthe,
And he was a squire's son;
He loved the bayliffe's daughter deare,
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coye, and would not believe
That he did love her soe,
Noe nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him showe.

But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish minde,
They sent him up to faire London,
An apprentice for to binde.

And when he had been seven long yeares,
And never his love could see,—
“Many a teare have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of mee.”

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and playe,
All but the bayliffe's daughter deare;
She secretly stole awaye.

She pulled off her gowne of greene,
And put on ragged attire,
And to faire London she would go
Her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the high road,
The weather being hot and drye,
She sat her downe upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding bye.

She started up with a colour soe redd,
Catching hold of his bridle-reine;
“One penny, one penny, kind sir,” she sayd,
“Will ease me of much paine.”

“Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,
Praye tell me where you were borne.”
“At Islington, kind sir,” sayd shee,
“Where I have had many a scorne.”

“I prythee, sweet-heart, then tell to mee,
O tell me, whether you knowe
The bayliffe’s daughter of Islington.”
“She is dead, sir, long agoe.”

“If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also;
For I will into some farr countrye,
Where noe man shall me knowe.”

“O staye, O staye, thou goodlye youthe,
She standeth by thy side;
She is here alive, she is not dead,
And readye to be thy bride.”

“ O farewell griefe, and welcome joye,
Ten thousand times therefore;
For nowe I have founde mine owne true love,
Whom I thought I should never see more.”

ANONYMOUS.



Auld Robin Gray.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye
at hame,
And a' the warld to sleep are gane;
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
When my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and socht me for his
bride;
But, saving a croun, he had naething else beside.
To mak that croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to
sea;
And the croun and the pund were baith for me!

He hadna been awa a week but only twa,
When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was stown
awa;
My father brak his arm, and young Jamie at the
sea —
And auld Robin Gray cam' a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna
spin;
I toiled day and nicht, but their bread I couldna
win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in
his ee,
Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, oh marry me!"

My heart it said nay, for I looked for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a
wrack;
The ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?
Or, why do I live to say, Wae's me?

My father argued sair — my mother didna speak,
But she lookit in my face till my heart was like to
break;
Sae they gied him my hand, though my heart was
in the sea;
And auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife, a week but only four,
When, sitting sae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come back for to marry thee!"

Oh sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away;
I wish I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
And why do I live to say, Wae's me?

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin ;
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin ;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

LADY ANNE BARNARD.



Waly, Waly, but Love Be Bonny.

O H waly, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly, down the brae,
And waly, waly yon burnside,
Where I and my love wont to gae.

I leaned my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree ;
But first it bowed, and syne it brak —
Sae my true love did lightly me !

Oh waly, waly, but love be bonny,
A little time while it is new ;
But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like the morning dew.

Oh wherefore should I busk my head ?
Or wherefore should I kame my hair ?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat shall be my bed ;
The sheets shall ne'er be fyled by me ;
Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me.

Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves off the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
For of my life I'm weary.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemency ;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

When we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see ;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
And I myself in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kissed,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I'd locked my heart in a case of gold,
And pinned it with a silver pin.

Oh, oh, if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysell were dead and gane,
And the green grass growin' over me!

ANONYMOUS.

Chevy-Chase.

GOD prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
A woful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day.

The stout earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take —

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chase
To kill and bear away.
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay;

Who sent Earl Percy present word
He would prevent his sport.
The English earl, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran
To chase the fallow deer ;
On Monday they began to hunt
When day-light did appear ;

And long before high noon they had
A hundred fat bucks slain ;
Then having dined, the drovers went
To rouse the deer again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure ;
And all their rear, with special care,
That day was guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deer to take,
That with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughtered deer ;
Quoth he, " Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here ;

" But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay ; "
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the earl did say :

“Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armor bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight;

“All men of pleasant Teviotdale,
Fast by the river Tweed;”
“Then cease your sports,” Earl Percy said,
“And take your bows with speed;

“And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

“That ever did on horseback come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear.”

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armor shone like gold.

“Show me,” said he, “whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deer.”

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy he —
Who said, "We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be:

"Yet will we spend our dearest blood
Thy chiefest harts to slay."
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say:

"Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die;
I know thee well, an earl thou art —
Lord Percy, so am I.

"But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our guiltless men,
For they have done no ill.

"Let you and me the battle try,
And set our men aside."
"Accursed be he," Earl Percy said,
"By whom this is denied."

Then stepped a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, "I would not have it told
To Henry, our king, for shame,

“That e’er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on.
You two be earls,” said Witherington,
“And I a squire alone ;

“I’ll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand ;
While I have power to wield my sword,
I’ll fight with heart and hand.”

Our English archers bent their bows —
Their hearts were good and true ;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

Yet stays Earl Douglas on the bent,
As chieftain stout and good ;
As valiant captain, all unmoved,
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As leader ware and tried ;
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bore down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound ;
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground.

And throwing straight their bows away,
They grasped their swords so bright;
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side —
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

In truth, it was a grief to see
How each one chose his spear,
And how the blood out of their breasts
Did gush like water clear.

At last these two stout earls did meet;
Like captains of great might,
Like lions wode, they laid on lode,
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steel,
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

“Yield thee, Lord Percy,” Douglas said;
“In faith I will thee bring
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James, our Scottish king.

“Thy ransom I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see.”

“No, Douglas,” saith Earl Percy then,
“Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.”

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow;

Who never spake more words than these:
“Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord Percy sees my fall.”

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand;
And said, “Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land.

“In truth, my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more redoubted knight
Mischance did never take.”

A knight amongst the Scots there was
Who saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Earl Percy.

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he called,
Who, with a spear full bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And past the English archers all,
Without a dread or fear;
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear;

With such vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The staff ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain.
An English archer then perceived
The noble earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
To the hard head haled he.

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery
So right the shaft he set,
The gray goose wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun:
For when they rung the evening-bell,
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Percy there were slain
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratchliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold baron.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington my heart is wo
That ever he slain should be,
For when his legs were hewn in two,
He knelt and fought on his knee.

And with Earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Mountgomery,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
One foot would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too —
His sister's son was he;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
But saved he could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Earl Douglas die:
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest in Chevy-Chase were slain,
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away;
They kissed them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain:

“Oh heavy news,” King James did say;
“Scotland can witness be
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he.”

Like tidings to King Henry came
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-Chase:

“Now God be with him,” said our king,
“Since ’twill no better be;
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he:

“Yet shall not Scots or Scotland say
But I will vengeance take:
I’ll be revenged on them all,
For brave Earl Percy’s sake.”

This vow full well the king performed
After at Humbledown;
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of high renown;

And of the best, of small account,
Did many hundreds die:
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless this land,
With plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant, henceforth, that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease!

ANONYMOUS.



Lord Lovel.

LORD LOVEL he stood at his castle gate,
Combing his milk-white steed;
When up came Lady Nancy Belle,
To wish her lover good speed, speed,
To wish her lover good speed.

“Where are you going, Lord Lovel?” she said,
“Oh! where are you going?” said she;
“I’m going, my Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries for to see, to see,
Strange countries for to see.”

“When will you be back, Lord Lovel?” said she:
“O! when will you come back?” said she;
“In a year or two — or three, at the most,
I’ll return to my fair Nancy-cy,
I’ll return to my fair Nancy.”

But he had not been gone a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head,
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see, see,
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see.

So he rode, and he rode on his milk-white steed,
Till he came to London town,
And there he heard St. Pancras' bells,
And the people all mourning, round, round,
And the people all mourning round.

"Oh, what is the matter," Lord Lovel he said,
"Oh! what is the matter?" said he;
"A lord's lady is dead," a woman replied,
"And some call her Lady Nancy-cy,
And some call her Lady Nancy."

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,
And the shroud he turned down,
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
Till the tears came trickling down, down,
Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day,
Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow;
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow, sorrow,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras' church,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of her lover's a brier, brier,
And out of her lover's a brier.

They grew, and they grew, to the church steeple top,
And then they could grow no higher:
So there they entwined in a true-lover's knot,
For all lovers true to admire-mire,
For all lovers true to admire.

ANONYMOUS.



Sally in Our Alley.

OF all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets
And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em:
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely —

But let him bang his bellyfull,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day —
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is named;
I leave the church in sermon-time
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again
O then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
I'll give it to my honey;
I would it were ten thousand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
And, but for her, I'd better be
A slave and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out
O then I'll marry Sally,—
O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our alley!

H. CAREY.



Good King Wenceslas.

GOOD King Wenceslas looked out
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep, and crisp, and even.

Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gath'ring winter fuel.

“Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?”

“Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain.”

“Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither.”

Page and monarch, forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

“Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer.”

“Mark my footsteps, good my page;
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly.”

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.

Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

UNKNOWN.



After Blenheim.

IT was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh
" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
" Who fell in the great victory.

" I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plough
The ploughshare turns them out.
For many thousand men," said he,
" Were slain in that great victory."

“Now tell us what ’twas all about,”
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
“Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for.”

“It was the English,” Kaspar cried,
“Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out.
But every body said,” quoth he,
“That ’twas a famous victory.

“My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly:
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

“With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And newborn baby died:
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

“They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun:

But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

“Great praise the Duke of Marlbro’ won
And our good Prince Eugene;”
“Why ’twas a very wicked thing!”
Said little Wilhelmine;
“Nay . . nay . . my little girl,” quoth he,
“It was a famous victory.

“And every body praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.”
“But what good came of it at last?”
Quoth little Peterkin:—
“Why that I cannot tell,” said he,
“But ’twas a famous victory.”

ROBERT SOUTHEY.



Ben Bolt.

DON'T you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,—
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain, in the noon day shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you gaze
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind of the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs,
Which nigh by the doorstep stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek for in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved
Are grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the deeps of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.

Twelvemonths twenty have past, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends — yet I hail
Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

POEMS OF OUT OF DOORS.

A Winter Song.

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tuwhoo!
Tuwhit! tuwhoo! A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Towhoo!
Tuwhit; towhoo! A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



Morning.

HARK — hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies:

And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise,
Arise, arise!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



Song: On May Morning.

NOW the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads
with her

The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that doth inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

JOHN MILTON.



Cherry-Ripe.

THERE is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies blow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds fill'd with snow:
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry!

ANONYMOUS.



The Wind and the Moon.

SAID the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out;
You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about —
I hate to be watched; I'll blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.
So, deep
On a heap
Of clouds to sleep,
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed ; she was there again !

On high

In the sky,

With her one ghost eye,

The Moon shone white and alive and plain.

Said the Wind, " I will blow you out again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.

" With my sledge,

And my wedge,

I have knocked off her edge !

If only I blow right fierce and grim,

The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.

" One puff

More's enough

To blow her to snuff !

One good puff more where the last was bred,

And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go the thread."

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone.

In the air

Nowhere

Was a moonbeam bare ;

Far off and harmless the shy stars shone —

Sure and certain the Moon was gone !

The Wind he took to his revels once more ;

On down,

In town,

Like a merry-mad clown,

He leaped and hallooed with whistle and roar —

" What's that ? " The glimmering thread once more !

He flew in a rage — he danced and blew;
 But in vain
 Was the pain
 Of his bursting brain;
For still the broader the Moon-scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew — till she filled the night,
 And shone
 On her throne
 In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind: "What a marvel of power am I!
 With my breath,
 Good faith!
 I blew her to death —
First blew her away right out of the sky —
Then blew her in; what strength have I!"

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair;
 For high
 In the sky,
 With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

GEORGE MACDONALD.



Song of the Brook.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges;
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddyng bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots;
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows,
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



To a Waterfowl.

W HITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps
of day,
Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seekest thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



The Humble-Bee.

BURLY, dozing humble-bee!
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!

Zig-zag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air,
Voyager of light and noon,
Epicurean of June!
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall;
And, with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With the color of romance;
And infusing subtle heats
Turns the sod to violets,—
Thou in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot Midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;

Of gulfs of sweetness without bound,
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets, and bilberry bells,
Maple sap, and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's tongue,
And brier-roses, dwelt among:
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher,
Seeing only what is fair,
 Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
 Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce north-western blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The Nightingale.

AS it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan
Save the Nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast against a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry;
Tereu, tereu, by and by:
That to hear her so complain
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own.
—Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee;
King Pandion, he is dead,
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead:
All thy fellow birds do sing
Careless of thy sorrowing:
Even so, poor bird, like thee
None alive will pity me.

R. BARNFIELD.

Introduction to the Happy Songs.

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he, laughing, said to me:

“Pipe a song about a lamb.”
So I piped with merry cheer.
“Piper, pipe that song again.”
So I piped; he wept to hear.

“Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer.”
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

“Piper, sit thee down and write,
In a book, that all may read.”
So he vanished from my sight,
And I plucked a hollow reed;

And I made a rural pen;
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE.



North Wind.

L OUD wind! strong wind! sweeping o'er the
mountains;
Fresh wind! free wind! blowing from the sea,
Pour forth thy vials like torrents from air fountains,
Draughts of life to me.

Clear wind! cold wind! like a northern giant,
Stars brightly threading thy cloud-driven hair,
Thrilling the blank night with thy voice defiant —
Lo! I meet thee there!

Wild wind! bold wind! like a strong-armed angel
Clasp me and kiss me with thy kisses divine!
Breathe in this dulled ear thy secret, sweet
evangel,—
Mine, and only mine!

Fierce wind! mad wind! howling o'er the nations!
Knew'st thou how leapeth my heart as thou goest
by,
Ah! thou wouldst pause awhile in sudden patience,
Like a human sigh!

Sharp wind! keen wind! cutting as word arrows,
Empty thy quiver-full! Pass by! what is't to thee,
That in some mortal eyes life's whole bright circle
narrows.
To one misery?

Loud wind! strong wind! stay thou in the mountains;

Fresh wind! free wind! trouble not the sea!

Or lay thy deathly hand upon my heart's warm fountains

That I hear not thee!

DINAH MARIA CRAIK.



The Windy Night.

ALOW and aloof,
Over the roof,

How the midnight tempests howl!

With a dreary voice, like the dismal tune

Of wolves that bay at the desert moon;

Or whistle and shriek

Through limbs that creak.

"Tu-who! Tu-whit!"

They cry, and flit,

"Tu-whit! Tu-who!" like the solemn owl!

Aloof and aloof,

Over the roof,

Sweep the moaning winds amain,

And wildly dash

The elm and ash,

Clattering on the window sash

With a clatter and patter

Like hail and rain,

That well-nigh shatter

The dusky pane!

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the tempests swell and roar!
Though no foot is astir,
Thou the cat and the cur
Lie dozing along the kitchen floor,
There are feet of air
On every stair —
Through every hall!
Through each gusty door
There's a jostle and bustle,
With a silken rustle,
Like the meeting of guests at a festival!

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the stormy tempests swell!
And make the vane
On the spire complain;
They heave at the steeple with might and main,
And burst and sweep
Into the belfry, on the bell!
They smite it so hard, and they smite it so well,
That the sexton tosses his arms in sleep,
And dreams he is ringing a funeral knell!

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.



To Violets.

I

WELCOME, maids of honor,
You do bring

In the spring,
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,
Fresh and fair;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

You're the maiden posies,
And so grac'd
To be plac'd
'Fore damask roses.

Yet, though thus respected,
By and by
Ye do lie,
Poor girls, neglected.

II

To Carnations.

STAY while ye will, or go
And leave no scent behind ye;
Yet, trust me, I shall know
The place where I may find ye.

Within my Lucia's cheek,
Whose livery ye wear,
Play ye at hide and seek,
I'm sure to find ye there.

ROBERT HERRICK.

The Black Cock.

GOOD-MORROW to thy sable beak,
And glossy plumage, dark and sleek,
Thy crimson moon and azure eye,
Cock of the heath, so wildly shy!
I see thee slowly cowering through
That wiry web of silver dew,
That twinkles in the morning air
Like casement of my lady fair.

A maid there is in yonder tower,
Who, peeping from her early bower,
Half shows, like thee, with simple wile,
Her braided hair and morning smile.
The rarest things, with wayward will,
Beneath the covert hide them still;
The rarest things, to light of day
Look shortly forth, and break away.

One fleeting moment of delight
I warmed me in her cheering sight;
And short, I ween, the time will be
That I shall parley hold with thee.
Through Snowden's mist, red beams the day;
The climbing herd-boy chants his lay;
The gnat-flies dance their sunny ring;
Thou art already on the wing.

JOANNA BAILLIE.



Robin Redbreast.

GOOD-BYE, good-bye to Summer!
For Summer's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun;
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away,—
But Robin's here in coat of brown,
And scarlet breast-knot gay.
Robin, robin redbreast,
O Robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts;
The leathery pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough;
It's Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late,
'Twill soon be Winter now.
Robin, robin redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And what will this poor robin do?
For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheat-stack for the mouse,
When trembling night-winds whistle
And moan all round the house.

The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow,—
Alas! in Winter dead and dark,
Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, robin redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.



The Angler's Wish.

I IN these flowery meads would be,
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I, with my angle, would rejoice,
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love;

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty; please my mind,
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers;
Here, hear my kenna sing a song:
There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a laverock build her nest;
Here, give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love.

Thus, free from lawsuits, and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice;

Or, with my Bryan and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford brook;
There sit by him, and eat my meat;
There see the sun both rise and set;
There bid good morning to next day;
There meditate my time away;
And angle on; and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

IZAAK WALTON.



The Lark.

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place —
O to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy — love gave it birth!
Where, on thy dewy wing —
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven — thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;

Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place —
O to abide in the desert with thee!

JAMES HOGG.



Spring.

DIP down upon the northern shore,
O sweet new year, delaying long;
Thou doest expectant nature wrong,
Delaying long; delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded noons,
Thy sweetness from its proper place?
Can trouble live with April days,
Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bring orchis, bring the fox-glove spire,
The little speedwell's darling blue,
Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

O thou, new year, delaying long,
Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
That longs to burst a frozen bud,
And flood a fresher throat with song.

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drowned in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail,
On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood, that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast
Spring wakens too: and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Spring.

BEHOLD the young, the rosy Spring,
Gives to the breezes her scented wing,
While virgin graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way.
The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languished into silent sleep;
And mark! the flitting sea-birds lave
Their plumes in the reflecting wave;
While cranes from hoary winter fly
To flutter in a kinder sky.
Now the genial star of day
Dissolves the murky clouds away,
And cultured field and winding stream
Are freshly glittering in his beam.
Now the earth prolific swells
With leafy buds and flowery bells;
Gemming shoots the olive twine;
Clusters bright festoon the vine;
All along the branches creeping,
Through the velvet foliage peeping,
Little infant fruits we see
Nursing into luxury.

THOMAS MOORE *after* ANACREON.



Jack Frost.

THE door was shut, as doors should be,
Before you went to bed last night;
Yet Jack Frost has got in, you see,
And left your window silver white.

He must have waited till you slept;
And not a single word he spoke,
But pencilled o'er the panes and crept
Away again before you woke.

And now you cannot see the hills
Nor fields that stretch beyond the lane;
But there are fairer things than these
His fingers traced on every pane.

Rocks and castles towering high;
Hills and dales and streams and fields;
And knights in armour riding by,
With nodding plumes and shining shields.

And here are little boats, and there
Big ships with sails spread to the breeze;
And yonder, palm trees waving fair
On islands set in silver seas.

And butterflies with gauzy wings;
And herds of cows and flocks of sheep;
And fruit and flowers and all the things
You see when you are sound asleep.

For creeping softly underneath
The door when all the lights are out,
Jack Frost takes every breath you breathe,
And knows the things you think about.

He paints them on the window pane
In fairy lines with frozen steam;
And when you wake you see again
The lovely things you saw in dream.

GABRIEL SETOUN.



The Months.

JANUARY brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes loud and shrill,
Stirs the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Skipping by their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings cooling showers,
Apricots and gillyflowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the harvest home is borne.

Warm September brings the fruit,
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Fresh October brings the pheasant,
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast,
Then the leaves are whirling fast.

Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire and Christmas treat.

UNKNOWN.



The Wind in a Frolic.

THE wind one morning sprang up from sleep
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a madcap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"

So it swept with a bustle right through a great
town,
Cracking the signs and scattering down
Shutters; and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges trundled about:
And the urchins that stand with their thievish eyes
For ever on watch, ran off each with a prize.

Then away to the field it went, blustering and humming,
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming;
It plucked by the tails the grave matronly cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all over their brows;
Till, offended at such an unusual salute,
They all turned their backs, and stood sulky and mute.

So on it went capering and playing its pranks,
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.
It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags;

'Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig or the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roared, and cried gaily,
 " Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow! "
And it made them bow without more ado,
Or it cracked their great branches through and through.

Then it rushed like a monster on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm;
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm; —
There were dames with their 'kerchiefs tied over
 their caps,

To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;
There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to
be gone.

But the wind had swept on, and had met in a lane
With a schoolboy, who panted and struggled in
vain;
For it tossed him and twirled him, then passed, and
he stood
With his hat in a pool and his shoes in the mud.

Then away went the wind in its holiday glee,
And now it was far on the billowy sea,
And the lordly ships felt its staggering blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro.
But lo! it was night, and it sank to rest
On the sea-bird's rock in the gleaming West,
Laughing to think, in its fearful fun,
How little of mischief it really had done.

WILLIAM HOWITT.



The Burial of the Linnet.

FOUND in the garden dead in his beauty —
Oh, that a linnet should die in the spring!
Bury him, comrades, in pitiful duty,
Muffle the dinner-bell, solemnly ring.

Bury him kindly, up in the corner;
Bird, beast, and goldfish are sepulchred there.
Bid the black kitten march as chief mourner,
Waving her tail like a plume in the air.

Bury him nobly — next to the donkey;
Fetch the old banner, and wave it about;
Bury him deeply — think of the monkey,
Shallow his grave, and the dogs get him out.

Bury him softly — white wool around him,
Kiss his poor feathers — the first kiss and last;
Tell his poor widow kind friends have found him:
Plant his poor grave with whatever grows fast.

Farewell, sweet singer! dead in thy beauty,
Silent through summer, though other birds sing.
Bury him, comrades, in pitiful duty,
Muffle the dinner-bell, mournfully ring.

JULIANA H. EWING.



The Shepherd.

HOW sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.

For he hears the lambs' innocent call,
And he hears the ewes' tender reply;
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their shepherd is nigh.

WILLIAM BLAKE.



The Mountain and the Squirrel.

THE mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little prig";
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big,
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year,
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place —
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry:
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut!"

R. W. EMERSON.

A Midsummer Song.

O H, father's gone to market-town, he was up
before the day,
And Jamie's after robins, and the man is making
hay,
And whistling down the hollow goes the boy that
minds the mill,
While mother from the kitchen-door is calling with
a will:

“Polly! — Polly! — The cows are in the corn!
Oh, where's Polly?”

From all the misty morning air there comes a sum-
mer sound —
A murmur as of waters from the skies and trees and
ground.
The birds they sing upon the wing, the pigeons bill
and coo,
And over hill and hollow rings again the loud
halloo:

“Polly! — Polly! — The cows are in the corn!
Oh, where's Polly?”

Above the trees the honey-bees swarm by with buzz
and boom,
And in the field and garden a thousand blossoms
bloom.
Within the farmer's meadow a brown-eyed daisy
blows,
And down at the edge of the hollow a red and thorny
rose.

“ But Polly! — Polly! — The cows are in the corn!

Oh, where’s Polly? ”

How strange at such a time of day the mill should
stop its clatter!

The farmer’s wife is listening now and wonders
what’s the matter.

Oh, wild the birds are singing in the wood and on
the hill,

While whistling up the hollow goes the boy that
minds the mill.

“ But Polly! — Polly! — The cows are in the corn!

Oh, where’s Polly? ”

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.



A Dream.

ONCE a dream did wave a shade
O’er my angel-guarded bed,
That an emmet lost its way
When on grass methought I lay.

Troubled, ’wilderer, and forlorn,
Dark, benighted, travel-worn,
Over many a tangled spray,
All heart-broke, I heard her say:

“Oh, my children! do they cry?
Do they hear their father sigh?
Now they look abroad to see,
Now return and weep for me.”

Pitying, I dropped a tear;
But I saw a glow-worm near,
Who replied, “What wailing wight
Calls the watchman of the night?”

“I am set to light the ground
While the beetle goes his round.
Follow now the beetle’s hum —
Little wanderer, hie thee home!”

WILLIAM BLAKE.



Dawn in the City.

THE city slowly wakes:
Her every chimney makes
Offering of smoke against the cool white skies.
Slowly the morning shakes
The lingering shadowy flakes
Of night from doors and windows, from the city’s
eyes.

A breath through heaven goes:
Leaves of the pale sweet rose
Are strewn along the clouds of upper air.
Healer of ancient woes,
The palm of dawn bestows
Peace on the feverish brow, comfort on grim de-
spair.

Now the celestial fire
Fingers the sunken spire,
Crocket by crocket swiftly creepeth down;
Brushes the maze of wire,
Dewy, electric lyre,
And with a silent hymn one moment fills the town.

A sound of pattering hoofs
Above the emergent roofs
And anxious bleatings tell the passing herd;
Scared by the piteous droves,
A shoal of skurrying doves.
Veering, around the island of the church has whirred.

Soon through the smoky haze
The park begins to raise
Its outlines clearer into daylit prose;
Ever with fresh amaze
The sleepless fountains praise
Morn that has gilt the city as it gilds the rose.

High in the clearer air
The smoke now builds a stair
Leading to realms no wing of bird has found;
Things are more foul, more fair;
A distant clock somewhere
Strikes, and the dreamer starts at clear reverberant
sound.

Farther the tide of dark
Drains from each square and park:
Here is a city fresh and new-create,

Wondrous as though the ark
Should once again disembark
On a remoulded world its safe and joyous freight.

Ebbs all the dark, and now
Life eddies to and fro
By pier and alley, street and avenue:
The myriads stir below,
As hives of coral grow —
Vaulted above, like them, with a fresh sea of blue.
CHARLES DE KAY.



Pippa's Song.

(From Pippa Passes.)

THE year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn —
God's in His heaven —
All's right with the world!

ROBERT BROWNING.



Sand Martins.

I PASSED an inland cliff precipitate;
From tiny caves peeped many a sooty poll;
In each a mother-martin sat elate,
And of the news delivered her small soul.

Fantastic chatter! hasty, glad, and gay,
Whereof the meaning was not ill to tell:
“Gossip, how wags the world with you to-day?”—
“Gossip, the world wags well, the world wags
well.”

And hearkening, I was sure their little ones
Were in the bird-talk, and discourse was made
Concerning hot sea-bights and tropic suns,
For a clear sultriness the tune conveyed;

And visions of the sky as of a cup
Hailing down light on pagan Pharaoh's sand,
And quivering air-waves trembling up and up,
And blank stone faces marvelously bland.

“When should the young be fledged, and with them
hie
Where costly day drops down in crimson light?
(Fortunate countries of the firefly
Swarm with blue diamonds all the sultry night,

“And the immortal moon takes turn with them.)
When should they pass again by that red land,
Where lovely mirage works a brodered hem
To fringe with phantom palms a robe of sand?

“When should they dip their breasts again and
play

In slumbrous azure pools clear as the air,
Where rosy-winged flamingoes fish all day,
Stalking amid the lotus blossoms fair?

“Then over podded tamarinds bear their flight,
While cassias blossom in the zone of calms,
And so betake them to a south sea-bight
To gossip in the crowns of cocoa-palms,

“Whose roots are in the spray? Oh, happy there
Some dawn, white-winged they might chance to
find.

A frigate standing in to make more fair
The loneliness unaltered of mankind.

“A frigate come to water: nuts would fall,
And nimble feet would climb the flower-flushed
strand,

While northern talk would ring, and therewithal
The martins would desire the cool north land.

“And all would be as it had been before:
Again at eve there would be news to tell;
Who passed should hear them chant it o’er and o’er,
‘Gossip, how wags the world?’—‘Well, gossip,
well’ ”

JEAN INGELow.



The Pleasure Boat.

COME, hoist the sail, the fast let go!
They're seated side by side;
Wave chases wave in pleasant flow;
The bay is fair and wide.

The ripples lightly tap the boat.
Loose! Give her to the wind!
She shoots ahead; they're all afloat;
The strand is far behind.

The sunlight falling on her sheet,
It glitters like the drift,
Sparkling, in scorn of summer's heat,
High up some mountain rift.

The winds are fresh; she's driving fast
Upon the bending tide;
The crinkling sail, and crinkling mast,
Go with her side by side.

The parting sun sends out a glow
Across the placid bay,
Touching with glory all the show,—
A breeze! Up helm! Away!

Careening to the wind, they reach,
With laugh and call, the shore.
They've left their footprints on the beach,
But them I hear no more.

R. H. DANA.

A Day in June.

(From the Vision of Sir Launfal.)

WHAT is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



The Rainbow.

MY heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!

The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high;

And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free —
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornéd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free —
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

A. CUNNINGHAM.



Farm Yard Song.

OVER the hill the farm-boy goes,
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar-tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing;
The early dewes are falling;—
Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling,—
“Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!”

Farther, farther over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,—
“Co’, boss! co’, boss! co’! co’!”

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day;
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plow;
The straw’s in the stack, the hay in the mow,

The cooling dews are falling;—
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
The whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,

His cattle calling,—
“Co’, boss! co’, boss! co’! co’! co’!”
While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray,—
“Co’, boss! co’, boss! co’! co’!”

Now to her task the milkmaid goes.
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,

While the pleasant dews are falling;—
The new-milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye;
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,

Soothingly calling,—
“So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!”

The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So! so, boss! so! so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes.
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
The heavy dews are falling.
The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose;
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes

Singing, calling,—

"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.



Folding the Flocks.

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up; for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops, how they kiss
Every little flower that is:

Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a string of crystal beads.
See the heavy clouds low falling
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead night from under ground;
At whose rising, mists unsound,
Damps and vapors, fly apace,
And hover o'er the smiling face
Of these pastures; where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom.
Therefore from such danger lock
Every one his loved flock;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and, ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away;
Or the crafty, thievish fox,
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourself from these,
Be not too secure in ease;
So shall you good shepherds prove,
And deserve your master's love.
Now, good night! may sweetest slumbers
And soft silence fall in numbers
On your eyelids. So farewell:
Thus I end my evening knell.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.



Snowflakes.

WHENEVER a snowflake leaves the sky,
It turns and turns to say "Good-by!
Good-by, dear clouds, so cool and gray!"
Then lightly travels on its way.

And when a snowflake finds a tree,
"Good-day!" it says—"Good-day to thee!
Thou art so bare and lonely, dear,
I'll rest and call my comrades here."

But when a snowflake, brave and meek,
Lights on a rosy maiden's cheek,
It starts—"How warm and soft the day!
'Tis summer!"—and it melts away.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

HUMOROUS VERSES.

An Elegy on the Glory of Her Sex.

MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

GOOD people all, with one accord
Lament for Madame Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word —
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor —
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please,
With manners wondrous winning;
And never followed wicked ways —
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumbered in her pew —
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has followed her —
When she has walked before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead —
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore,
 For Kent Street well may say,
 That had she lived a twelvemonth more,
 She had not died to-day.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



Little Orphant Annie.

LITTLE Orphant Annie's come to our house to
 stay,
 An' wash the cups and saucers up, an' brush the
 crumbs away,
 An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the
 hearth, an' sweep,
 An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her
 board-an'-keep;
 An' all us other children, when the supper things
 is done,
 We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest
 fun
 A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about,
 An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out!

One't they was a little boy wouldn't say his
 pray'rs —
 An' when he went to bed at night, away up-stairs,

His mammy heerd him holler, an' his daddy heerd
him bawl,

An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't
there at all!

An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-
hole, an' press,

An' seeked him up the chimbly flue, an' ever'wheres,
I guess;

But all they ever found was thist his pants an'
roundabout!

An' the Gobble-uns'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,

An' make fun of ever' one, an' all her blood-an-kin;

An' onc't when they was "company," an' ole folks
was there,

She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't
care!

An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run
an' hide,

They was two great big Black Things a-standin'
by her side,

An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she
knowed what she's about!

An' the Gobble-uns'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is
 blue,
 An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes
 woo-oo!
 An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is
 gray,
 An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched
 away,—
 You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers fond
 an' dear,
 An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's
 tear,
 An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all
 about,
 Er the Gobble-uns'll git you
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out!
 JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.



Father William.

(From "Alice in Wonderland.")

"‘**Y**OU are old, Father William," the young
 man said,
 "And your hair has become very white;
 And yet you incessantly stand on your head —
 Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

“In my youth,” Father William replied to his son,
“I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I’m perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again.”

“You are old,” said the youth, “as I mentioned
before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door —
Pray, what is the reason of that?”

“In my youth,” said the sage, as he shook his gray
locks,
“I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment — one shilling the
box —
Allow me to sell you a couple.”

“You are old,” said the youth, “and your jaws are
too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the
beak:
Pray, how did you manage to do it?”

“In my youth,” said his father, “I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life.”

“You are old,” said the youth; “one would hardly suppose

That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose —
What made you so awfully clever?”

“I have answered three questions, and that is enough,”

Said his father, “don’t give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I’ll kick you down-stairs!”

LEWIS CARROLL.



A Strange Wild Song.

HE thought he saw a Buffalo
Upon the chimney-piece:
He looked again, and found it was
His Sister’s Husband’s Niece.
“Unless you leave this house,” he said,
“I’ll send for the Police.”

He thought he saw a Garden Door
That opened with a key:
He looked again, and found it was
A Double-Rule-of-Three:
“And all its mystery,” he said,
“Is clear as day to me!”

He thought he saw an Argument
That proved he was the Pope:
He looked again, and found it was
A Bar of Mottled Soap.
“A fact so dread,” he faintly said,
“Extinguishes all hope!”

LEWIS CARROLL.



Malbrouck.

MALBROUCK, the prince of commanders,
Is gone to the war in Flanders;
His fame is like Alexander's;
But when will he come home?

Perhaps at Trinity feast; or
Perhaps he may come at Easter.
Egad! he had better make haste, or
We fear he may never come.

For Trinity feast is over,
And has brought no news from Dover;
And Easter is past, moreover,
And Malbrouck still delays.

Milady in her watch-tower
Spends many a pensive hour,
Not knowing why or how her
Dear lord from England stays.

While sitting quite forlorn in
That tower, she spies returning
A page clad in deep mourning,
 With fainting steps and slow.

“O page, prythee, come faster!
What news do you bring of your master?
I fear there is some disaster —
 Your looks are so full of woe.”

“The news I bring, fair lady.”
With sorrowful accent said he,
“Is one you are not ready
 So soon, alas! to hear.

“But since to speak I’m hurried,”
Added this page quite flurried,
“Malbrouck is dead and buried!”
 — And here he shed a tear.

“He’s dead! he’s dead as a herring!
For I beheld his berring,
And four officers transferring
 His corpse away from the field.

“One officer carried his sabre;
And he carried it not without labor,
Much envying his next neighbor,
 Who only bore a shield.

“The third was helmet-bearer —
That helmet which on its wearer
Filled all who saw with terror,
And covered a hero’s brains.

“Now, having got so far, I
Find, that — by the Lord Harry! —
The fourth is left nothing to carry; —
So there the thing remains.”

ANONYMOUS.

Translated from the French by Father Prout.



Hans Breitmann’s Party.

HANS BREITMANN gife a barty,
Dey had biano-blayin;
I felled in lofe mit a Merican Frau,
Her name vas Madilda Yane.
She hat haar as prawn ash a pretzel,
Her eyes vas himmel-blue,
Und ven dey looket indo mine,
Dey shplit mine heart in two.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty.
I vent dere you’ll pe pound.
I valtzet mit Madilda Yane
Und vent shpinnen round und round.
De pootiest Fraeulein in de house,
She vayed ’pout dwo hoondred pound,
Und efery dime she gife a shoomp
She make de vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
I dells you it cost him dear.
Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks
Of foost-rate lager bier;
Und venefer dey knocks de shpicket in,
De Deutschers gifes a cheer.
I dinks dat so vine a barty
Nefer coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty;
Dere all vas Souse und Brouse,
Ven de sooper comed in, de gompany
Did make demsels to house;
Dey ate das Brot und Gensy broost,
De Bratwurst und Braten fine,
Und vash deir Abendessen down
Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
We all cot troonk ash bigs;
I poot mine mout to a parrel of bier
Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs.
Und denn I gissed Madilda Yane,
Und she shlog me on de kop,
Und de gompany fited mit dable-lecks
Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty —
Where ish dat barty now?
Where ish de lofely golden cloud
Dat float on de moundain's prow?

Where ish de himmelstrahlende Stern —
De shtar of de shpirit's light?
All goned afay mit de lager bier —
Afay in de ewigkeit!

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.



Plain Language from Truthful James.

WHICH I wish to remark —
And my language is plain —
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name,
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft were the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise,
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand;
It was euchre — the same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat at the table
With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinees
And the points that he made
Were quite frightful to see,
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor!"
And he went for that heathen Chinees.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewn
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding
In the game he did not understand.

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs,
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers — that's wax.

Which is why I remark —
And my language is plain —
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain.

BRET HARTE.



The Courtin'.

GOD makes sech nights, all white an' still
Fur'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in,—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbly crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's arm thet Gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessedd cretur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
Clean grit an' human natur';
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gels,
Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells,—
All is, he couldn't love 'em,

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hundred ring,
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
She seemed to 've gut a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelin's flew,
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfle o' the sekle;
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him funder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
"Wal . . . no . . . I come dasignin' " —
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"
Says she, "Think likely, Mister;"
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snow-hid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
And gin' em' both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



Old Grimes.

OLD Grimes is dead; that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear a long, black coat,
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to gray,
He wore it in a queue.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbours he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances,
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares
His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

ALBERT GORTON GREENE.

POEMS OF RELIGION.

On the Morning of Christ's Nativity.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of heaven's eternal king,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring —
For so the holy sages once did sing —
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty
Wherewith He wont at heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome Him to this His new abode —
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons
bright?

See how from far upon the eastern road
The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet!
Oh! run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at His blessed feet;
Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel choir,
From out His secret altar touched with hallowed
fire.

THE HYMN.

It was the winter wild
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies —
Nature, in awe to Him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize;
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw —
Confounded that her maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, for fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed peace;
She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

Nor war, nor battle's sound,
Was heard the world around —
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began;
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed
wave.

The stars with deep amaze
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence;

And will not take their flight
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlightened world no more should need;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axle-tree could
bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook —

Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took;
The air, such pleasure loath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly
close.

Nature, that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed;
The helmed cherubim
And sworded seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn choir,
With unexpressive notes, to heaven's new-born
heir —

Such music (as 't is said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,

And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel
keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the base of heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest Fate says No ;
This must not yet be so ;
The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss ;
So both himself and us to glorify :
Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through
the deep ;

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake :
The aged Earth aghast
With terror of that blast
Shall from the surface to the centre shake,
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread His
throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins ; for from this happy day
The old Dragon under ground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurpéd sway ;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb ;
No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the archéd roof in words deceiving.
 Apollo from his shrine
 Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving:
No nightly trance or breathéd spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

 The lonely mountains o'er
 And the resounding shore
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
 From haunted spring and dale
 Edged with poplar pale
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
 mourn.

 In consecrated earth
 And on the holy hearth
The Lars and Lemurés moan with midnight plaint;
 In urns and altars round
 A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

 Peor and Baalim
 Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine;
 And mooréd Ashtaroth
 Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;

The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn:
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz
mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove, or green,
Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud:
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest;
Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud;
In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
The sable stoléd sorcerers bear his worshipt ark.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded infant's hand;
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Nor Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in His swaddling bands control the damnéd
crew.

So, when the sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,

Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail —
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave;
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved
maze.

But see the virgin blest
Hath laid her babe to rest —
'Time is our tedious song should here have ending;
Heaven's youngest teemed star
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

JOHN MILTON.



A Christmas Carol.

IN the bleak mid-winter
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;

Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter
Long ago.

Our God, Heaven cannot hold Him,
Nor earth sustain;
Heaven and earth shall flee away
When He comes to reign;
In the bleak mid-winter
A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty,
Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him whom cherubim
Worship night and day,
A breastful of milk
And a mangerful of hay;
Enough for Him whom angels
Fall down before,
The ox and ass and camel
Which adore.

Angels and archangels
May have gathered there,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Throng'd the air;
But only His mother
In her maiden bliss
Worshipped the Beloved
With a kiss.

What can I give Him,
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd
I would bring a lamb,
If I were a wise man
I would do my part —
Yet what I can give Him,
Give my heart.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



The Pilgrim.

WHO would true valor see,
Let him come hither!
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather;
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first-avowed intent
To be a Pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound;
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright;
He'll with a giant fight;
But he will have a right
To be a Pilgrim.

Nor enemy, nor fiend,
Can daunt his spirit;
He knows he at the end
Shall Life inherit:—
Then, fancies, fly away;
He'll not fear what men say;
He'll labor, night and day,
To be a Pilgrim.

JOHN BUNYAN.



Ring Out, Wild Bells.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night —
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new —
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land —
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



The Watchman's Report.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night —
What its signs of promise are!
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller, yes; it brings the day —
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman, tell us of the night —
Higher yet that star ascends!
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own —
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight —
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller, lo! the Prince of Peace —
Lo! the Son of God is come.

JOHN BOWRING.



Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

ROCKED in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O Lord! hast power to save.
I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

When in the dead of night I lie
And gaze upon the trackless sky,
The star-bespangled heavenly scroll,
The boundless waters as they roll,—
I feel Thy wondrous power to save
From perils of the stormy wave:
Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I calmly rest and soundly sleep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death!
In ocean-cave, still safe with Thee
The gem of immortality!
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

EMMA WILLARD.



A Christmas Hymn.

IT was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars;
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain:
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night!

The senator of haughty Rome,
Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,

From lordly revel rolling home;
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell

His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;

What recked the Roman what befell

A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago?

Within that province far away

Went plodding home a weary boor;

A streak of light before him lay,

Fallen through a half-shut stable-door

Across his path. He passed — for naught

Told what was going on within;

How keen the stars, his only thought;

The air how calm and cold and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

Oh, strange indifference! low and high

Drowsed over common joys and cares;

The earth was still — but knew not why;

The world was listening, unawares.

How calm a moment may precede

One that shall thrill the world for ever!

To that still moment none would heed,

Man's doom was linked no more to sever —
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!

A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness — charmed and holy now!

The night that erst no name had worn,

To it a happy name is given;

For in that stable lay, new-born,

The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,

In the solemn midnight,

Centuries ago!

ALFRED DOMETT.



Good-bye.

GOOD-BYE, proud world! I'm going home;
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean-brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Good-bye to flattery's fawning face;
To grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart wealth's averted eye;
To supple office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go and those who come —
Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

I am going to my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone —
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod —
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.
Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



A Christmas Carol.

THERE'S a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.

Ay! the star rains its fire and the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.

Every hearth is aflame, and the Beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.

Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and King.

J. G. HOLLAND.

END.

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